Ypsilanti Commercial.

VOL. XIV—No. 28. YPSILANTI, MICH., SATURDAY, SEPT. 8, 1877. WHOLE No. 704.

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Lumber Cheaper Than Ever.

Everything needed in the builders' line.

SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

MONITOR WASHING MACHINE,

AT $8.00, RETAIL.

Wringers Repaired.

OPENING.

Gentlemen and Ladies, Boys and Girls are all invited to

J. H. WORTLEY'S CROCKERY STORE,

Wednesday, Sept. 12th,

To see the many beautiful and useful things.

OPENING.

THE COMMERCIAL.

Published every Saturday morning, at the corner of Huron and Cross Streets, Ypsilanti, Mich., by

C. R. PATTISON.

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MUSICAL.

MISS MARY P. HEWITT, Instruction on the piano-forte. Residence corner Adams and Ellis Sts., Ypsilanti. 677

PHYSICIANS.

F. K. OWEN, M. D. Office, in Drury & Calkins Drug Store. Office hours, 8 to 9 A. M., 5 to 7 P. M. Residence, 38 Adams Street, Ypsilanti. Hours 12 to 2 P. M. 469

WM. PATTISON, M. D., Homeopathic Physician and Accoucheur. Will attend to calls in city or country. Office, nearly opposite the Episcopal Church, Huron St., Ypsilanti. 516

BELTING and LACE LEATHER.

Having made arrangements with Messrs. P. Jewell & Sons, of Hartford Conn., for a regular supply of their WARRENTED BELTING, we have just received the first invoice—form 1½ to 12 inches wide. This we can afford, and will offer as low as any house in Michigan. Leather store near the Woolen Mill.

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NOW. NOW.

Headquarters for Clothing.

☞The Summer months are at an end, and I am making preparations to lay in a stock of

Fall and Winter Clothing

Never Excelled in this Market.

Meanwhile, if you want to secure BIG BARGAINS,

NOW is your Golden Opportunity!

As I wish to make room for my immense stock of Fall and Winter Goods.

NOW, NOW, NOW!

Remember, is the time to secure good clothing at REMARKABLY CHEAP RATES.

Clark S. Wortley.

ELEGANT STYLES OF FALL HATS.

For CUSTOM WORK, Elegant and Durable Styles of Cloth

NOW. NOW.

The Sunday-School Lesson for to-morrow, Sept. 9.

ACTS 19: 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."—1 *Thess.*, 1: 5.

Central Truth:—The Holy Ghost gives grace and power.

The name of Apollos, with which this lesson begins, is mentioned for the first time in the preceding chapter (v. 24—28). He was a native of Alexandria and his name was originally Apollonius. He was a man of great learning and accomplishments. He believed in Jesus as the Messiah, and in the baptism of John, and preached and taught these doctrines with eloquence and power. He was however deficient in his knowledge of the doctrine of the atonement, and the resurrection, and the working of the Holy Spirit, and on these points, he received instruction from Aquilla and Priscilla. He became a most valuable colaborer with the Apostles, and was of especial assistance to them in controversies with objecting Jews. The points presented in this lesson are the arrival of Paul at Ephesus; the instruction and baptism of a number of disciples who had only received the the baptism of John; his labors in the synagogue and in the school of Tyrannus, and the remarkable works which he wrought in attestation of his doctrine.

1. The city of Ephesus was a noble theatre for the labors of the great Apostle. It was a famous city of Ionia, distinguished for the extent of its commerce and the enterprise and wealth of its people. The magnificent temple of Diana was here, one of the "seven wonders of the world." It was four hundred and twenty-five feet long, and two hundred and twenty wide, a little smaller than the celebrated cathedral now at Cologne. It was supported by one hundred and twenty-seven marble columns, sixty feet high, the gifts of different kings. It was resorted to by great numbers of strangers from every part of the world. Such a magnificent city, where such crowds of strangers were added to the number of ordinary citizens, presented a noble field for the labors of the Apostle. There are great hindrances to the gospel in a large and wealthy metropolis, but there are great stimulants and helps also. Impressions are often made on strangers there, which they carry with them to their distant homes, and thus the influence of the truth radiates from a common centre in every direction. Corinth and Ephesus will always be associated with the noblest efforts and greatest successes of the Apostle Paul. The letters which he wrote to the churches there are among the most precious portions of the New Testament.

2. Notice the method of St. Paul's preaching in this famous city. "He spake boldly." That is, he spake not defiantly, or in a mere dogmatic spirit, but with the simple manly utterance of a man who firmly and piously believed what he said. This is always essential to earnest and successful preaching or teaching. It was said of Daniel Webster that he could never argue well on the wrong side of a case. A weak faith will make a weak utterance. St. Paul was profoundly convinced of the truths of Christianity. His heart was full of them. His soul was thorougly imbued with them. He never doubted them for a moment. So he "spake boldly."

3. St. Paul felt that what he preached was of infinite consequence to all who heard him. This also was an element of his power. He felt that Christianity was vital; that its acceptance was a question of life and death with all his hearers. When he reviewed his ministry in that most touching parting scene with the elders of the church at Ephesus, he bade them "Remember that for the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." What a picture of an intensely earnest man, deeply convinced that the eternal welfare of those to whom he preached was connected with the truths which he proclaimed. This is the greatest need in our day for preachers and teachers; this *intense blood earnestness for souls*. There is great learning, industry, eloquence, in the modern pulpit. There is great assiduity and fidelity among our S. S. teachers. If we need anything it is more of that profound earnestness which grows out of a deep sense *of the infinite importance of our doctrines to the souls of our hearers.*

4. St. Paul preached the Gospel in a tender and living spirit. "With tears," is his own account of it. A tender, sympathizing, living spirit in a preacher or a teacher is always an element of power. This is not at all inconsistent with boldness and fidelity. All through the Bible this element is recognized and commended. Said the Psalmist: "I beheld the transgressors and *was grieved*. Rivers of waters run down mine eyes because men keep not thy law." So said the Prophet: "Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!" And above the example of Psalmist, Prophet, and Apostle, see the Lord Jesus Christ himself, standing over sinful Jerusalem and weeping tears of heavenly pity as he thought of her fearful guilt and foretold her dreadful doom.

5. This bold, earnest, tender preaching was blessed of the Holy Ghost. Nowhere did the Apostle have greater success than in this famous city of Ephesus. Very extraordinary effects resulted. Wonderful miracles were wrought through him. Sick souls and suffering bodies alike were healed by his word. Men who were converted renounced their evil ways of living, and even destroyed the implements by which they had gained unlawful wealth. And the summing up of the work in Ephesus, in the 20th verse is this: "*So mightily grew the word of the Lord, and prevailed.*" God's Spirit attends the Pauline method of laboring for Christ. The history of the Church in modern days illustrates this truth. Whitefield and Wesley in England, Edwards, the Tennents and Moody in America, are evidences of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost, where the gospel is preached with boldness, earnestness and tears. There may be exceptions but this is the general law of God's economy. Faithful men may be sometimes tempted to say, "I have labored in vain and spent my strength for nought." But the last day only will complete the record, and many revelations will there be made for the first time to God's faithful servants which will be full of eternal joy.—*New York Observer.*

QUESTIONS.

BAPTISM OF REPENTANCE.—After leaving Corinth to what place did Paul go? 18: 19. How long did he stay there? 18: 20. Why wouldn't he stay any longer? 18: 21. *How* did he go to Jerusalem? 18: 21, 22. What port did he land at in Palestine? 18: 22. After he had saluted the church at Jerusalem where next did he go? 22. Did he remain there? 18: 23. What did Apollos do in Ephesus in his absence? 18: 24, 26. What was done to *him?* 18: 26. Did he after that do any good? 28: 27, 28. Where was Apollos when Paul returned to Ephesus? 1. Whom did he find there? 1. What was Paul's first enquiry? 2. Was it considered important that converts should receive the Holy Spirit? 8: 14, 16. Have *you* received it? Have you earnestly asked that you might? What was their reply? 2. What did he want to know then? 3. What did they tell him?

BAPTISM OF THE SPIRIT.—What did they do when they heard this? 5. How was the difference between the two baptisms shown? 6. What did they do? 6. Had other men ever felt this? 2: 4. How many were there in this instance? 7. How many in the other? 1: 15; 2: 1, 3.

BAPTISM OF POWER.—How long did he speak in the synagogue? 8. What did he do there? 8. ("Disputing" means "reasoning.") What was the effect of his preaching upon some? 9. When he saw that what did he do? 9. Why did they speak evil? Jude 10. What did the people say of "that way"? 24: 14. How long did he preach in the school of Tyrannus? 10. How many heard about Christ as a consequence? 10. What special power did the Holy Spirit give him? 11, 12.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

In this lesson where do we learn:

1.—That every one, after conversion, should receive the Holy Spirit?

2.—That those who receive it have new power?

3.—That if people do not accept, they harden under, the gospel?

4.—That when people discover that they have not this Spirit-baptism they ought to seek and get it?

5.—That God testified that Paul was his witness?—*National Sunday School Teacher.*

MR. EVARTS told his Cabinet associates, the other day, that he was going to put over the door of his office in the State Department a passage of Scripture slightly changed, thus: "Many call, but few are chosen."

AT Long Branch it is the universal testimony that Gen. Grant never deferred public business to private pleasure there, and got nothing for his exile from Washington but sleep and cool weather.—*New York Herald.*

THE Baptist Theological Seminary at Chicago will open in September with 60 or 70 students, and under more favorable circumstances than for a long time past. A new seminary building at Morgan Park is nearly completed.

AN Illinois county paper gives a list of 16 farmers in its immediate vicinity who are now worth from $15,000 to $200,000 each, who commenced life with nothing but their hands, and got their start by working out for very low wages, some by cutting wood at 25 cents a cord.

P. H. GULLY, the leader of the assassins of the Chisolm family, has been nominated for Sheriff by the Democrats of Kemper county, Mississippi. Governor Stone (of the same State), who refused to take action to bring the assassins to justice, has been renominated for Governor.

THE Washington *Herald* has interviewed a number of Gen. Grant's personal friends relative to that part of Secretary Sherman's Mansfield speech in which he tried to shift the blame for the surrender to the Democrats in South Carolina and Louisiana from Hayes to Grant, especially that part in which Mr. Sherman declared that Grant at one time thought of recognizing Nicholls. The *Herald* says of the result of its interviews with Grant's friends:

"They deny that Grant intended to desert Packard, and claim to be able to prove that Grant's orders to preserve the *status quo*—i. e. simply to keep the peace—were issued at the direct request of some of President Hayes' most intimate friends, who represented to President Grant that Gen. Hayes desired to enter office unembarrassed by a necessity of following any decision his predecessor might make regarding the contesting governments. They deny that President Grant ever seriously entertained an idea of recognizing Gov. Nicholls. They claim that the entire responsibility for the present situation in Louisiana rests solely with President Hayes, and denounce Secretary Sherman's effort to divide it with Gen. Grant as an attempt to impose upon the public. In proof of this claim, they reiterate again their oft-repeated and oft-exploded charge that President Hayes' Louisiana Commission sent down to New Orleans to compromise things, was packed in the Nicholls interest."

YOUNG men often fail to get on in this world because they neglect small opportunities. Not being faithful in little things, they are not promoted to the charge of greater things. A young man who gets a subordinate situation sometimes thinks it is not necessary for him to give it much attention. He will wait till he gets a place of responsibility, and then he will show people what he can do. This is a very great mistake. Whatever his situation may be, he should master it in all its details, and perform all its duties faithfully. The habit of doing his work thoroughly and conscientiously is what is most likely to enable a young man to make his way. With this habit a person of only ordinary abilities would outstrip one of greater talents who is in the habit of slighting subordinate matters. But, after all, the mere adoption by a young man, of this great essential rule of success shows him to be possessed of superior abilities.

SO FAR from the charge that the Louisiana Commission was intended to "fix things" in the interest of Nicholls having been "often exploded," it is a charge which sticks. It has often been denied, but never "exploded." On the contrary, the fact that the Commission *did* "fix things" in Nicholls' interest is pretty strong proof that it *intended* to do so. This proof is all the stronger from the fact that every move it made was a move in that direction. Besides, exactly the result attained was more or less openly predicted in advance by those who were supposed to know the secret of the policy, and hinted at by the organs of the policy. As Abraham Lincoln argued in one of his unanswerable speeches, when we find a piece of political machinery which seems to be arranged in every part to accomplish a certain result and no other, and when we find that it does accomplish that result and no other, we are fully warranted in believing and charging that such machinery was intended to produce that result.—*Detroit Post.*

THE Presbyterian missionary board has helped to build a school house at Charleston, S. C., for the Roman Catholics, and this is the way it came about: Mortgages were given in 1866 on the lot and building for more than could be raised from the colored society for which it was provided. The debt and interest this summer amounted to almost $12,000, while the property at sheriff's sale brought only $3,700, the purchasers being the Brothers of the Sacred Heart. Dedicating mortgaged property to the service of God is not much more polite than the invitation of the old Dutchman to "schmell of te mug" from which *he* had just drank his dram of cider.—*Lansing Republican.*

THE system of education which keeps the masses of the people in Romanist countries shrouded in ignorance is revealed in a translated article published by the *New York Observer.* A young girl, who had attended a parochial school in an Italian city for three years, could not read in the first reader. She had been told by her teacher that "it is not necessary for women to know how to read, so that they know their prayers.i' Here in America the Roman church professes great zeal for the education of women, and allures many of the daughters of wealthy Protestants into its convents, where they are much more likely to be proselytized than instructed in useful knowledge.

A COLUMBUS correspondent of the Chicago *Inter Ocean*, writing of the anti-Hayes movement in Ohio, headed by General Beatty, says that it means a serious split in the Republican party. Monroe County contains only two leading Republicans who indorse Hayes' policy. In Marion County, directly west of Monroe, the active Republican workers are sitting with folded hands, absolutely refusing to do a thing, thoroughly disgusted with the surrender. The correspondent is "obliged to say that there is not to-day more than six prominent Republicans in the city of Columbus who cordially indorse the President's Southern policy." He had an interview with General Beatty, in which the latter said that the significance of the movement was that 20,000 Republicans in Ohio will either vote a ticket of their own or stay away from the polls altogether. Beatty regards Hayes' Southern policy as the surrender of the only principles worth fighting for in the Republican party; the surrender of the majority to the minority; the recognition of the shot-gun as more potent in America politics than the ballot.

DOES it pay to claim that we believe in temperance; that we pray, work, and wish for its ultimate and final success through policy? Does it pay to live a life of deceit, even for a time, be it ever so short, for purely mercenary and unholy motives; and many times we are told by the enemies of temperance, and others who hold themselves aloof from the grand work, that, in common parlance, 'so and so has an ax to grind;" they talk and act temperance for the time being, for love of gain; for an amount of popularity, in fact, for almost any other reason than the one which should be paramount to all others, namely, the good of our fellow-creatures. In all classes of society, church, and State, social and political, are found those who sail under colors that are false, "who use the livery of heaven to serve the Devil in," but we entreat you, one and all, who advocate the cause, let it not suffer through treachery of yours. If you believe in the demon of intemperance, avov your sentiments boldly, (if you can without blushing;) work with, and for the whisky ring, but do not play the miserable, sneaking part of hypocrisy; say you are with us, and for us, and seem to be what you are not. We think the time is not only coming, but in fact is right upon us, when the tares shall be separated from the wheat; when we shall be judged by what we are, and not what we seem to be.—*N. Y. Observer.*

SATURDAY MORNING'S

COMMERCIAL.

YPSILANTI, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

MICHIGAN.

Dr. H. A. Reynolds has been secured for a year's red ribbon campaign in Illinois, and his engagements are being made by Mrs. S. M. I. Henry, of Rockford. A woman was his forerunner in Massachusetts, and all his engagements in Michigan were made by Mrs. Geddes, if Adrian

At the national parade of the Knights Templars at Cleveland, the Detroit Commandery won the first prize for perfection of drill and beauty of parade movements.

In referring to the Reform School the Lansing Republican says: "The number of boys lately received is larger than usual in a given time, and within the last two weeks another of the boys brought to Michigan by Eastern agents, and placed in a supposed home in this State, has found his way to the Reform School. This boy is another living proof of the statement made by the Republican a few weeks ago, that the State would be compelled at no distant day to support some of these children; and therefore we again repeat and request that persons desirous of adopting boys and girls will try our Michigan children first."

The officers of the State Agricultural Society are anticipating a fine exhibition at their annual Fair, the entries already giving promise of a varied and interesting display.

Three men, Daniel Laribee, Fred. McCane and Peter Shanely, are in jail at Hillsdale, awaiting sentence for robbing the Litchfield Congregational Church of a communion service.

An alligator five feet in length has been captured on the Belle Isle shore in Detroit River, by Alex. Campau.

The lumber shipments from Saginaw River for the month of August were the largest ever known, the amount forwarded being 95,882,677 feet, of which 65,500,000 went from Bay City. Other shipments from the river are: Lath, 4,700,000; shingles, 25,000,000; staves, 281,000; hoops, 1,800,000; timber, 304,000.

The State Agricultural Society has le- a contract for the necessary power and 300 feet of shafting. This will be stationed inside the track, and will be used to run binders, threshers, corn-shellers, reapers, and any other kind of farm machinery whose efficiency can be better demonstrated by actual operation. This was a great feature in the Centennial Exhibition, and one new here, though one or two exhibitors last year applied power at their own expense. This power will be free for all exhibitors, and of course will add an impetus to exhibition in this line. A stove-hall, 100 feet long, is to be built on the ground for exhibiting these necessary articles of house-furnishing. It is something new for the society to stimulate competition among stove-men in this way, and the long hall will probbly be a warm place during the fair.

Latest Michigan patents:

Process of recovering Phosphoric Acid, etc.—N. B. Rice, East Saginaw.

Boiler Cleaner—Fordon & Thomas, Bay City.

Saw Guides—J. N. Babb, Summerfield.

Car Axle Box—T. A. Bissell, Detroit.

Bee Hives—Potter & Barnebee, Mendon.

Corsets—C. A. McGee, Jackson.

Car Couplings—F. Roy, Detroit.

Steam Engine—R. H. Edson, Detroit.

Inking Apparatus—W. R. Winn, Detroit.

The heavy storm of Friday was general in the Eastern part of the State and did some damage. Some of the hail stones that fell at Bay City are reported to have weighed three quarters of a pound.

James W. Sherwood, of Greenville, was the successful competitor at the examination of candidates for appointment as cadet at West Point from the Saginaw district.

The first escape from the new prison at Ionia was on the 28th, when Willis F. Graham jumped out of a window and took to the woods.

A new bank, with a capital of $50,000 has been opened at St. Johns.

A Burr Oak saloon keeper has been served with papers in a suit for damages by the heirs of the man Scripture, who was killed while intoxicated, near that village, two weeks ago by being kicked by his horses.

On August 31, 1809, the first paper published in this State, the Michigan Essay, was issued in Detroit. That was sixty-eight years ago. Now Michigan has 327 periodicals, of which 24 are daily, 5 tri-weekly, 2 semi-weekly, 275 weekly, 2 semi-monthly, 17 monthly, 1 bi-monthly, and one quarterly. None can say that the newspapers have not kept up with the progress of the State—indeed they have led in the march.—*Allegan Journal.*

Last Thursday, Friday and Saturday Crue Tharp, of Jefferson, mowed a marsh near Redfield's mill and killed 81 rattlesnakes, the largest having 11 rattles. Twenty-nine of the vermin were full grown, the remaining 52 young ones.

Dispensations have recently been issued for new lodges of Odd Fellows as follows, by Grand Master D. B. Tracy: Kilwinning Lodge No. 299, at Jerome, Hillsdale county; Osceola Lodge No. 300, at Leroy, Osceola county; Otter Lake Lodge No. 301 at Otter Lake, Lapeer county; Trent Lodge No. 302, at Trent, Muskegon county. Wyandotte Lodge No. 10, at Ypsilanti, was reorganized on the 31st ult. under favorable circumstances.

The reunion of the Twenty-third Infantry takes place at St. Johns September 12.

Lumbermen incline to the opinion that the prospects of the lumber trade have not been as bright as this season for three years past, and they are looking forward to a remarkably brisk fall trade. Sales during the past three weeks have been quite lively at very fair prices, and there is every indication that but little lumber will remain on the docks unsold at the close of the season.—*Bay City Tribune.*

The following is a statement of the receipts and disbursements at the State Treasurer's office for the month ending Aug. 31, 1877:

Balance on hand Jnly 31, 1877	$646,713 39
Receipts for the month	65,667 11
Total	$712,380 41
Disbursements	119,104 84
Balance on hand August 31, 1877	$593,275 57

The beechnut, butternut and walnut crop of Michigan this year is heavier than usual.

There are now 2,018 protestant methodists in this State, an increase of over 400 within a year.

Last week no less than 12 persons were killed by lightning in this State, and of the 12 nine were killed by seeking shelter under trees.

There are 834 saloons less this year in Michigan than there were last year.

Dr. Rockwell, who killed Benjamin Wilber and was released on bail at Edenville, was rearrested on the 3d for the murder and lodged in the Midland jail.

Cassopolis is excited over an elopement which recently took place there. A well educated young lady, an inmate of the house of one of the most respected citizens, ran away with a patent right peddler.

A prisoner on his way to the State House of Correction from Muskegon jumped from a train on the Detroit and Milwaukee Railroad near Nunica, on the 3d, while it was at full speed. Sheriff Ryan, of Muskegon county, who had him in charge, jumped after the prisoner to catch him and was considerably hurt. The prisoner escaped.

A special election to be held in Gladwin county September 24. It is proposed that $8,000 will be voted to finish the court-house. The sum of $9,000 was voted for this purpose in May last, but the election was illegal, owing to an informality.

GENERAL NEWS.

Brigham Young died at Salt Lake August 29th.

An accident occurred on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad at the east branch of Four-mile Creek, seven miles from Des Moines. The number of killed is estimated from 20 to 50. All the train but the sleeping car went down into the stream. The engine is completely out of sight. Barnum's show car went down among the rest, and it is said that all of its eleven occupants but one were killed.

The State Savings Bank at Chicago has failed.

Gen. Terry having brought information that Sitting Bull with 1,300 warriors is in camp this side of the British line all further proceedings in regard to selecting a commission to arrange for his return to the United States have been suspended for the present. The government is informed by telegram from Gen. Miles of the crossing of Milk River by Sitting Bull and his encampment between the Milk and Missouri Rivers in the neighborhood of the Little Rocky Mountains and about thirty miles southeast of Fort Belknap.

The engineers, firemen and brakemen on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road refused to move freight trains, at midnight on the 31st. All is quiet, but the men are determined not to submit to the recent change made by the road.

The freedom of the city of Edinburgh has been presented to ex-President Grant by the Lord Provost, Sir James Fanshaw, in Free Assembly Hall, 2,000 persons being present.

A special from Paris, Texas, says that a fire broke out in the city saloon, and spread rapidly on the east, west, and south sides of the public square, until about ten blocks of business houses and dwellings were consumed, including three hotels, the postoffice, telegraph and express offices; loss estimated at from $1,000,000 to $1,500,000. Many families are without shelter. Several lives are reported lost, but only one body has yet been found.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The following is the public debt statement for the month ending August 31, 1877:

Six per cent bonds	$ 814,341,050
Five per cent bonds	703,266,650
Four and one-half per cent bonds	185,000,000
Total coin bonds	$ 1,702,607,700
Lawful money debt	$ 14,000,000
Matured debt	19,357,660
Legal tenders	358,040,096
Certificates of deposit	50,430,000
Fractional currency	19,172,114
Coin certificates	38,525,400
Total without interest	$ 466,167,610
Total debt	$ 2,202,132,971
Total interest	$ 26,265,694
Cash in treasury—coin	$ 106,904,936
Cash—currency	11,828,537
Currency held for the redemption of fractional currency	8,265,412
Special deposits held for the redemption of certificates of deposit	50,430,000
Total in the treasury	$ 172,928,886
Debt less cash in the treasury	$2,055,468,770
Decrease of the debt during August	3,869,5: 8
Decrease of the debt since June 30, 1877	$ 4,688,443
Bonds issued to the Pacific Railway Company, interest payable in lawful money—principal outstanding	64,623,512
Interest accrued and not yet paid	646,235
Interest paid by United States	35,957,629
Interest paid by the transportation of mails, etc	8,676,250
Balance of interest paid by the United States	27,281,378

The Paper Trade Journal announces that the Commissioner of Patents has extended for seven years the Henry Voelter patent for reducing wood to paper pulp. It also states that the patentees will raise the price of such pulp to three and one-half cents per pound instead of three cents, which has been the general rate heretofore.

P. Hale's piano factory, on west Thirty-fifth street, N. Y., was entirely destroyed by fire Monday morning. It is rumored that ten persons perished. The flames extended to the south side of the street, destroying the entire block between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, Solomon Connolly's barrel factory, J. Graham & Co's silk factory and several houses adjoining on the south, J. Walker's charcoal factory north of Thirty-fifth street, and a block of frame houses on Tenth avenue between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets. A steam fire engine was burned, the firemen being unable to get it out in consequence of the intense heat.

One authority says that there must be from seventy-five to one hundred bodies buried in the ruins. Another statement is that some twenty-five to thirty girls employed in the upper stories of Hale's factory have perished. Ambulances have removed some eighteen or twenty wounded who jumped from the burning factory. Still another statement is that of 150 or 200 men in the factory at the time of the fire comparatively few escaped death or fatal wounds. The occupants of the houses in Thirty-sixth street could distinctly see the workmen in the piano factory making futile efforts to escape from the roof and upper stories, and could hear their shrieks for assistance.

About 350 families are rendered homeless, and most of their furniture is destroyed.

The fire originated through Nichocks Monk, a varnish rubber, who was heating some varnish over a stove. While his back was turned it got in a blaze, and the flames spread like a flash.

The Philadelphia and Reading and Lehigh Valley Companies have advanced the price of coal from 35 to 50 cents per ton.

The bond of the postmaster at Baton Rouge, La., is found to be fictitious, no such persons as the pretended sureties being in existence. The postmaster and United States commissioner who certified to the correctness and affixed their signatures thereto have been arrested and a new post-master appointed.

The Chinese quarter at San Francisco was burned Sunday. Loss $75,000. The citizens are considering the expediency of preventing the rebuilding of China town in the old location.

CHEYENNE, Sept. 4, via CAMP ROBINSON, Neb., Sept. 4.—Crazy Horse and a number of his lodges left this agency last night, and the rest commenced leaving this morning. Six companies of cavalry and about 250 friendly Indians left here at half-past nine this morning, and succeeded in turning nearly all back. It is expected to have them all back by tomorrow; no fighting or casualty. Shedding Bear, with 15 lodges of Lame Deer's band, numbering about 80 persons, surrendered this morning to Maj. Burke, Fourteenth Infantry, commanding this camp. Fast Bull, with the remainder of his band, numbering between 400 and 500, will arrive in two or three days. These are the Indians that have been committing depredations in the vicinity of the Black Hills, and their coming in leaves that country and the Big Horn country entirely free of Indians. The delegation sent out by Maj. Burke succeeded in inducing these Indians to return.

It is now said that Osman Pasha, the victorious commander of Turkish forces at Plevna, is not Marshal Bazaine, but that he is an American—R. Clay Crawford of Tennessee—who was colonel of a regiment of artillery during the rebellion, and subsequently went to Mexico and thence to Egypt and Turkey.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The editor of the Madras Times, a member of the Relief Committee, writes as follows: The population in Southern India more or less affected by the famine numbers 24,000,000. In the most favorable circumstances at least one-sixth will die. Twenty-three people in all have died of starvation in Bengal. In Madras no camp of 3,000 rises morning after morning without leaving thirty corpses. In the interior the distress is most fearful. One gentleman passing down the valley of the Wynaad district counted twenty-nine dead bodies on the road. A coffee-planter seeking shelter from the rain in a boat found six decomposing corpses in it. On any day and every day mothers may be seen in the streets of Madras offering their own children for sale, while the foundling portion of the poorhouse is full of infants found by police on the road, deserted by their parents. Since the famine began 500,000 people have died of want and distress. The first big tragedy may be expected in Mysora. In that province indeed information has reached me from Bangalora of two cases of cannibalism already.

Suleiman Pasha telegraphs, on the 28th: Our entrenchment line of investment is only 150 paces from the enemy's fortifications. West I hold the commanding heights. The Russians are blockaded on three sides. Every effort is being made to complete the blockade by cutting them off from the road to Gabrova. The Russian forces have been cruelly decimated, and they have retired to their fortified positions. Cannonading and outpost engagements are carried on intermittently. One thousand Russian dead were found when the enemy were driven from Alikridgehal Heights.

An army correspondent writes: The wear and tear of the Russian army has been such that the reinforcements brought up hitherto have not compensated for the losses suffered from battle and other causes. Without anything like an epidemic there has been a considerable falling out of the ranks, owing to sickness of one kind or another. Thus, despite the great reinforcements on the way, the Russians may begin to doubt whether they will be able to have, before the breaking up of the weather, the numerical superiority necessary for a decisive result.

Several thousand unburied dead cause an unbearable stench around Shipha Pass. Considerable reinforcements arrived at Gabrova, Sunday. The correspondent estimates the Russian garrison in the pass as thirty battalions.

Advices from the Russian headquarters, Gorny Student, August 28, say: All quiet this morning. Our troops maintain their position. The Turks remain under cover behind the neighboring heights, out of range of our batteries. The total number wounded from August 21 to August 27 is 2,480, including 95 officers. The number killed is unknown. Everything is quiet in the direction of Plevna and Loftscha. After the severe fighting on Sunday the Turks refrained from renewing the attack on the Russian position in the Shipka Pass, and up to this morning only an occasional trivial rifle fire between the outposts has occurred. As the result of Sunday's fighting, the Turkish advanced batteries somewhat menace the Russian flanks. The Turks are constructing fresh batteries in Tundja Valley. The Russians have been adequately reinforced, and there is nothing in the present situation to alter the impression that Gen. Radetzky will hold his position.

LONDON, August 29.—Rain has fallen in torrents all over the north of Scotland almost without intermission since last night. Harvest reports from all quarters are most desponding. The floods have caused great damage in South Wales. The weather in the English midlands and the east is very bad.

Mehemet Ali Pasha telegraphs on Thursday morning: Strong columns of our troops from Rasgrad and Surinassouhler attacked the Russians near the village of Karahassauler. The fighting was desperate. The village was taken and retaken several times, but finally carried by the Turks. The enemy was defeated and retreated in disorder, pursued by our troops. About five o'clock in the evening two other columns from Surinassouhler crossed and forced the enemy to abandon Haidarayoz and fall back on the pass. The troops engaged at Karahassauler were the Rasgrad and Erki Djuma divisions. They captured a cannon, four ammunition wagons, 2,000 rifles, a large quantity of uniforms and military equipments. Baker Pasha generally distinguished himself. We lost 3,000 killed and wounded and the Russians 4,000.

Later editions of the Daily News and Standard publish dispatches from the correspondents, who were eye-witnesses of Thursdays's battle, which confirm in detail the serious Russian defeat on the Lom. Both correspondents agree that Popko has been abandoned and the Russian position completely turned. The Turks are continuing the pursuit. Baker Pasha, under whom the Turkish cavalry charge was made, and who had two horses shot, is, with Capt. Briscoe, one of his staff, reported missing.

Some Turkish troops crossed the Austrian frontier near Kaneidabodka, carried off some cattle, set fire to a barn and fired upon the Austrian patrol.

Gen. Todleben, the great Russian engineer, who arrived at Bucharest on Saturday, died the same day.

Crop reports from the wheat-growing districts in England continue gloomy. Three-fourths of all the reports represent wheat below the average, and barley and oats are but little better.

A special dated Poredin, August 31, contains the following: Osman Pasha's attack on the Russian positions at Pelisat and vicinity was one of the most hardly-fought battles of the war. The Turks early in the fight captured a Russian redoubt one mile in front of Pelisat. In the course of one hour this redoubt was taken by the Turks, retaken by the Russians, and taken again by the Turks. The Russian left wing was driven back on Pelisat, in front of which trenches had been dug and were lined with troops. The Turks advanced as though determined to drive our left out of Pelisat and turn it. The Turks began to descend the hill in that direction, not with a rush, but leisurely and without firing, not in masses or lines, but scattered and diffused. They came down about half way in this manner, the Russian artillery tearing up the groups all the time in the most savage manner. The Russian infantry fire, which had for the last five minutes been verg heavy about Segalince, now began to roll along the hill-crest in our direction, and the Turks, who were just coming into range, began to drop rapidly. The Turkish advance now veered to the left and went to the Russian trenches on the rest of the hills between Pelisat and Segalince with a shout, opening fire a the same time. The Turks descended into a little hollow and were lost to sigh for a time, while the Russian trenche flamed and smoked and a storm of ball was poured into the advancing Turks This must have lasted fifteen or twenty minutes, during which time fearful loss of life must have occurred. Then we saw the Turks begin to withdraw, carrying off their wounded. The Turks had no sooner withdrawn from the Russian fire than they formed and advanced again. Many dead bodies of Turks were found within ten feet of the Russian trenches. The little slope on the crest of which the trenches were situated was literally covered with dead. I counted seven on a space of not more than ten feet square. The battle here was terrible, but the Turks were again repulsed. It will hardly be believed that they went at it again, and yet they did so. It seemed madness because we could see the Russian fire never slacked for an instant, and the Russian line never wavered, while the reserves were waiting behind, ready to fall in at the least sign of warning. This scene of carnage was again repeated, but only lasted a moment. The Turks, completely broken, withdrew sullenly, firing and carrying off their wounded and dead. They fell back on the redoubt which they had first taken, apparently with the intention of holding it, but were not allowed to remain long there. Another attack on the Russian center had been equally as unsuccessful as that on the Russian trenches on the left. The Russians pursued the retreating Turks with a murderous fire. Then six companies went at them with the bayonet and swept them out of the redoubt like a whirlwind. At four o'clock the Turks were in retreat everywhere, and the Russians occupied the whole of their positions, besides pursuing the Turks a short distance with cavalry. The Russians were about 20,000 strong. Their loss is estimated at 500, and the Turkish loss at 2,000 killed and wounded.

The death of M. Thiers, Ex-Premier of France, produces a profound sensation throughout Europe. He arose early Monday and worked till 7;30, when he went for an hour's walk on the terrace. He afterwards worked till noon. At noon he took a luncheon with appetite, but toward the end of the repast stammered out a few words, his mouth contracted, his eyes became covered with a film and he was carried to bed, and soon died.

The Mark Lane Express runs up its weekly review of the markets, by saying:

The yield of cereals, taken together, is decidedly bad throughout the kingdom, and the condition in whch a good deal of wheat has been gathered and stacked renders it improbable that the offerings at the principal markets will be on anything but a limited scale for some weeks to come. The quality of the new grain is decidedly inferior to last year's, and a considerable admixture of dry foreign will be required to render it fit for present use. The weather has also been unfavorable for potatoes, and disease has been spreading in an alarming manner.

DETROIT MARKETS.

Flour—Choice white winter, $6 50; new process, $7 50; Minnesota, spring, $7 75 @8 25; low grades, $4 50@6; rye flour, $4 25@4 50.

Wheat—Extra white $1 37@1 37½; No. 1 white, $1 34½@1 35; milling No. 1, $1 28½; No. 1 white $1 29; No. 1 amber, $1 28.

Corn—48@49c.

Oats—No. 1 white 31c; mixed 28c.

Barley—New State, 90c@1 40 per cental.

Beans—New $1 75@2 00 per bush.

Butter—Choice 18@19cts; medium 12@14c low grades 9@10c.

Cheese—10@11½c.

Dried Apples—7c. per lb.

Eggs—13½@14c.

Fruits—Apples, $1 50@2 50 per bbl.; peaches, 35@65c per basket; Crawfords $2 25@2 50 per bushel box; Bartlett pears, $2 25@2 75 per bush; common pears $1 25@2 25 per bush.; plums $2 50 @3 per bush; grapes, Concords 5@7c lb; Delawares 10c. Watermelons, 7@13 cts; musk melons 5@6c.

Foreign Fruits–Lemons, $6 50@7 00 per box; layer raisins, $1 75; seedless, mat, $4 25 @4 50; Valencia, 7½@8 cts.; muscatels, $2 20 @2 25: sultanas 11@12c; London layers $2 30; dates, 6½@7½c; figs, in drums, new, 10@12; do. layers, 13@15c; do. bags, 8@12c; French prunes 11@13c; Turkey prunes, old, 7½c; new 8@9c; currants, new, 7½; citron, 22@23c; lemon peel, 18c. Cocoanuts, Baraco, $5 per 100.

Fish—Whitefish, half bbl. $3 90; trout $3; Labrador herring, $2 50@3; scaled herring, scarce and firm at 40c; George's bank codfish, $5 00@5 50; boneless cod, 6@6½c per lb; halibut, 10½@11c per lb; fresh white fish, $5 50@6; fresh trout, $5 50 @6; pickerel, 4c per lb.

Hides—Green, 6@7c; cured, 8@9c; dry flint, 14@16c; dry salted, 11@13c; green calf, 10c; cured calf, 12c; deacon skins, 25@40c; green kip, 8c; dry kip, 14@16c. Horsehides, $1@1 50. Sheep pelts, 50c @$2; shearlings, 25c; lambs, 25@60c. Bulls, stags and grubby hides one-third off.

Hay—Baled Timothy, $12@14. New hay from farmers' wagons, $10@12 00 per ton.

Hops—15@18c for prime.

Potatoes—From farmers' wagons, 30@35c per bush.

Provisions—Dealers are billing Chicago pork at $14, but Detroit mess and family mess, is held firm at $14 50; clear mess, $16; mess beef, $11 50; new extra mess, $12 50. Hams, covered, 12c. Shoulders 8c. Dried beef quiet at 14c. Breakfast bacon, 10½@11c. Lard 9c for tierces; kegs, 9½c. Tripe, ½ bbls, $2 25; ¼ bbls. $4 25. Pickled pigs' feet, ½ bbls. $2; ¼ bbls. $3 75.

Salt–Onondaga, $1 15 per bbl; Michigan, $1 15 per bbl; Syracuse, dairy, per bu. sack, 45@47c; Ashton dairy, per 224 lb. sack, $3 25.

Wood—Beach and Maple, $4@4 50; Hickory, $4 50@5; soft, $2 50@3.

DETROIT LIVE STOCK.

Choice to extra shipping	$ 4 25@ 4 50
Good to choice butchering	3 65@ 4 00
Poor to medium butchering	3 25@ 3 50
Poor to fair stockers	2 75@ 3 00
Milch cows, each	35 00@45 00
Veal calves, each	5 00@10 00

Sheep—85 to 95 lbs. average held at $3 75@4 25, with the same saleable at $3 50@4.

Hogs—$4 75@5 is the ruling price for 200 lb. hogs fair quality.

THE FARM.

The Clawson Wheat.

There seems to be some difficulty in arriving at a correct estimate of the merits of the Clawson wheat. One of the most experienced and trustworthy farmers in the State of New York, the Hon. George Geddes, declares that having had an experience of forty years in wheat growing, he considers this the best he has ever cultivated. The uniform testimony is that it yields a large return, and is a fine-looking berry. On the other hand, it is objected to that it does not *pan out well*, to use a mining phrase, in other words, its flouring and bread-making qualities are by no means first-class. The Michigan Miller's Association, recently in session, pronounced it the poorest wheat raised in the State for making flour. In a chemical analysis of several varieties, the following was the order of quality: 1, Tappahannock; 2, Treadwell; 3, Gold Medal; 4, Diehl; 5, Clawson. The Association reccommended their culture in the above order of merit. It is said bakers find fault with the flour of the Clawson wheat, because the bread made with it speedily becomes dry and tough. A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* in Michigan writes to that journal begging to know "the truth about Clawson wheat." He say it has been grown largely the present season in his neighborhood, and while no yield has gone under twenty-five bushels to the acre. There have been several of forty bushels to the acre. He adds "we farmers are loth to believe that the large white kernels of this variety are no better for flouring purposes than No. 3 red.',

The action of the Detroit Board of Trade places Clawson wheat along with all other white wheats, and therefore, if light enough in color, it will grade extra just as surely as any other white wheat will—in fact it appears to run more surely to extra than the other white wheat. Some millers also give notice that they will pay as much for Clawson as for any of the white wheats.

In view of its productiveness, this variety will be largely sown this fall throughout the winter wheat growing belt.

On light soils, which bring crops forward rapidly, it is unsafe to sow wheat before the 15th to the 20th of September. The Hessian fly is very likely to attack the plant on such soils, either in the fall or spring, and the early-sown wheat suffers most. Experience seems to teach that on heavy soils from the first to the fifteenth, and on light soils from the fifteenth to the twenty-fifth, is the time for seeding.

MACHINE VS. HAND LABOR.

Does it pay small farmers to buy mowing and reaping machines? There can be no question that it is good economy for those who have large breadths of hay and grain to keep mowers and reapers, but what of those whose operations are on a limited scale? There are many men running fifty-acre farms who would not think themselves equipped for their business without these machines. Yet we doubt the wisdom of investing the amount of money such implements cost, unless there be time and opportunity to cut grass and grain for others. Necessity compelled us to forego the purchase of one of these machines the present season. We begin to think, after one trial, that we shall hardly find it profitable to buy one at all. Five acres of barley had to be cut with the scythe, much of it being too short in the straw to reap with a machine. We cradled one acre of bearded wheat which ripened in advance of five acres of the bald kind, and we are cradling eight acres of oats. We hired the cutting of fifteen acres of clover and timothy, and five acres of wheat, in all twenty acres, at 50 cents an acre. A combined machine would have cost say $120, the interest on which at eight per cent. would nearly amount to our outlay the present season. Will a machine last ten years? If so, count $12 a year expense. What will breakages and repairs cost? We have no idea, but we continually hear of neighbors requiring new parts, or mendings. $2 or $3 a year would, we suppose, be a moderate estimate. Altogether, it would cost, if our calculation be correct, somewhere in the neighborhood of $25 a year to keep a machine. This amount will pay for the cutting of fifty acres of grain and grass. We conclude that a farmer should have at least fifty acres of mowing and reaping to do, or it is not good policy to buy a machine. It seems to us there are several of the more costly machines that four or half a dozen farmers might own in common to advantage. A 2-horse power thresher is one of these. A feed mill is another. A clover huller is a third. It requires the outlay of too much money thoroughly to equip a small farm with all the implements it is desirable to have, and either partnership or hiring seems inevitable in the case of small farmers, whose means, like their holdings, are small. While some farmers are crippled for want of needed implements, others are impoverished by an over-supply. It is the fashion to have them; agents are numerous and very persuasive; neighbor A. has one, and it is humiliating to be behind him; so the implements are bought, on credit, very likely; crops do not turn out as expected, extension of time must be obtained, or money borrowed, and in either case interest draws like the worst of blisters. Is not this the way that many farmers get their hands tied and find themselves in financial straits? We do not underrate the convenience of having a full supply of the best labor-saving implements; in fact, we rather envy some of our neighbors who are well off in this respect; but is it not better to put up with some inconvenience rather than be hampered with debt and drained dry by interest? This may be an old fogy view of the subject, but it is one we cannot help indulging, and we are inclined to think we shall stick to it, and act upon it. We approve of the old farmer's advice to his son, to avoid debt if possible, and if he went in debt at all, let it be for *manure.*

The misery of a young man who courts a sparkling fashionable belle and loses her, is only to be excelled by the misery of the man who courts her and wins her.—[Miserable soliloquy of the man who has won her.

Iowa Democratic Convention.

The State Democratic Convention of Iowa met at Marshalltown on the 29th. After the preliminary proceedings, the Committee on Resolutions reported that they had agreed on all questions but that of prohibition. The minority of four favored the repeal of the present prohibition law, and enactment of a judicious license law for the benefit of the State funds. A somewhat excited debate occurred on the minority report, and under the call for the previous question it was adopted, ayes 296, nays 120. The minority resolutions were made part of the platform.

A resolution was unanimously adopted declaring the belief that Tilden and Hendricks were elected President and Vice-President in 1876. A platform was adopted as follows:

1. The Democracy of Iowa, in convention assembled, hereby declare in favor of a tariff for revenue only, honesty, economy, home rule, supremacy of the civil over the military power, separation of church and State, equality of all citizens before the law, opposition to the granting by the general government of subsidies to any corporation whatever.

2. The destruction of the industry of the country and pauperism of labor are the inevitable fruits of vicious laws enacted by the Republican party.

3. That as a means of relieving the distressed portion of the community and removing the greater stringency complained of in business circles, we demand the immediate repeal of the specie resumption act.

4. We denounce as an outrage upon the rights of the people the enactment of the Republican measure demonetizing silver and demand the passage of a law which shall restore to silver its monetary power.

5. We favor the retention of a greenback currency and declare against any further contraction, and we favor the substitution of greenbacks for national bank bills.

6. We congratulate the country upon the acceptance by the present administration of the constitutional and pacific policy of local self-government in the States of the South, so long advocated by the Democratic party, and which has brought peace and harmony to that section, and in regard to the future financial policy in the language of our national platform adopted in 1868, we urge.

7. Payment of the public debt as fast as practicable. All money drawn from the people by taxation, except so much as is requisite for the necessities of the government, economically administered, to be applied to such payment when due.

8. Equal taxation of every species of property according to its value.

9. One currency for the government and people, the laborer and office-holders, pensioner and soldier, the producer, the bondholder.

10. The right of the State to regulate railroad corporations having been established by the highest court of the country we now declare that this right must be exercised with due regard to justice, and as there is no necessary antagonism between the people and these corporations the common interests of both demand the speedy restoration of the former friendly relations through juat legislation on one side and cheerful submission thereto on the other.

11. The rights of capital and labor are equally sacred and alike entitled to legal protection. They have no just cause of quarrel, and the proper relations to each other are adjustable by natural laws and should not be hampered by legislative interference.

12. We favor the repeal of the present Prohibitory Liquor law of this State and the enactment of a judicious and well-regulated license law instead, all money derived from licenses to go to the common school fund of the State.

The first ballot for Governor was taken, but before the result could be announced, Mr. Irish was declared the nominee by acclamation.

The Banana in California.

Los Angelos (Cal.) Express.

We passed a few minutes yesterday inspecting the bananas which are growing in the yard of a friend who lives on Spring street, near the junction of Main and Spring. He has two banana trees which have attained great height, and which were planted in 1874. They have begun to yield quite freely, the first bunch of the year being picked some four months ago. The germ of the bunch comes out in very much the fashion of an ear of corn. At first it shoots out perpendicularly. In a few days it begins to droop, and finally falls over. The covering next peels off and the bunch begins to ncrease in size. As it approaches ripeness the particular stalk upon which it grows becomes soggy, yielding its strength and firmness, doubtless, to mature the fruit. When the fruit has fully matured and has been plucked, the stalk upon which it grew is cut off close to the ground. It is allowed to rot, and is then applied as manure to the root. By the time one stalk has fulfilled its mission and is about ready to be cut down, there are a number of shoots ready to take its place. It is worthy of remark that the banana in Los Angelos takes some little time to become acclimated. The trees examined by us were only three years old, and yet they are already hardy and prolific. They are of the Florida species. The first growers of the banana in Florida found that it generally required ten years to thoroughly acclimatize the plant and secure a full yield. Here it is apparent that it will not take more than a third of that time. The banana is very sensitive to cold, and as we have nothing like the degree of frost which prevails in Florida, our success with this fruit will undoubtedly be much greater than that of the Floridians.

The Russians in Bulgaria.

A correspondent in Bulgaria says The ordinary position of invaders and invaded are in this war reversed. The Russians are among friends who receive them everywhere with open arms, who bring them correct information, who tell them exactly where the Turks are, their numbers, where they go and whence they come, who do all the work of spies as well as the service of outposts, while the Turks, who should be among friends, are among enemies as much as the Prussians were in France, and thus, while playing the part of the invaded have to fight at all the disadvantage of invaders.

Grass.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

The rose i praised for its beaming face,
The lily for saintly whiteness;
We love this bloom for its languid grace,
And that for its airy lightness.

We say of the oak, "How grand of girth!"
Of the willows we say, "How slender!"
And yet to the soft grass, clothing earth,
How slight is the praise we render!

But the grass knows well, in her secret heart,
How we love her cool green raiment;
So she plays in silence her lovely part,
And cares not at all for payment.

Each year her buttercups nod and drowse,
With sun and dew brimming over;
Each year she pleases the greedy cows
With oceans of honeyed clover.

Each year on the earth's wide breast she waves
From spring until bleak November;
And then—she remembers so many graves
That no one else will remember!

And while she serves us with goodness mute,
In return for such sweet dealings,
We tread her carelessly underfoot,—
Yet we never wound her feelings!

Here's a lesson that he who runs may read;
Though I fear but few have won it,—
The best reward of a kindly deed
Is the knowledge of having done it!
—[St. Nicholas

WE TWO.

"Fortune brings in some boats that are not steered.—[Cymbelide.

It's just a bit of a story, sir, that don't sound much to strangers, but I'd like to tell you about it, if you have time to listen, for they've all forgotten Bobbery down here, except me; they're poor folks, you see, and things drift out of folks' heads when poverty drifts in.

"Bobbery? yes, sir, that was his name—leastways the name we gave him down here. As to a father or mother, we never had any, I think; never had any one in the wide world to belong to, except our two selves—Bobbery and me. I was the eldest—two years older than him: but then I was blind, you see, so the two years didn't count for much, and Bobbery got ahead of me after the time when the long days of pain slipped into lone night, and God shut me out of the world; not that I grumble, sir—I've given over that; and Bobbery was always such a good lad to me, that perhaps I didn't miss so much, after all.

I grew to fancy things, and make believe I saw a great deal, particularly after Bobbery got to working at his trade—shoe-black, sir; and sometimes, when I became accustomed to being always in the dark, I went out with Bobbery, and held the money that he made.

Well, not much, perhaps, but enough for us two, and the little room we had down at Kingstown, over against the river; only Bobbery was an extravagant lad—not in drink, sir, we were always a sober lot—but in oranges.

They were almost his ruin, sir—those oranges. He used to come up stairs sucking them softly, so that I might not hear, and thinking to deceive me; but I somehow smelt oranges, and it always made me sharper to catch Bobbery whistling little tunes to himself on the way up, just to put me off.

He made a deal of me, did Bobbery—along of being blind, you see—and so did the neighbors; but I was rare proud of him. You don't know what it is, sir, to sit alone in the dark all day, and then, on a sudden, to hear a fellow call out, "Here we are again! Come down and feel the sunset, and we'll count the coppers!" It would make you love any one, sir, who had a voice like that, let alone a fellow like Bobbery.

Perhaps you didn't happen to be in Kingstown, sir, last spring, when the floods had risen, and the land was under water for miles around. Bobbery had to wade a little going down to his work, but he rather liked it, he said; he used to tuck up his trowsers, and call back to me and laugh, as the water crept around his feet; and he said folks wouldn't want their boots blacked, he feared, for the water would soon take off the polish.

I used to sit on the window-sill to feel the sun, and if I listened very hard, I could hear the ripple-ripple of the shallow water at every step that Bobbery made, and it had a pleasant sound, and made a kind of company feeling; but when he was out of hearing, and it still kept rippling up against our walls, the company feeling went away and left me lonely, and sometimes I thought the water hateful, because it lay so very long between me and Bobbery.

Well, once I was sitting alone on the window-sill, and the day was very quiet—so quiet that I did not hear the little rippling waves; and in the quiet I grew frightened at last; and in the quiet I stretched out my hands across the sill, to feel my way down. I felt something that made me shiver, and draw back out of the sunlight—that made my whole dark life grow suddenly a beautiful and precious thing—I felt the water rippling almost up to the level of the sill, and I was quite alone, and Bobbery would never know.

I did not call out or go mad with fright, as I thought at first I might do; only I crept away, in my everlasting darkness, from the warm sunlight, and sat down on the bed where Bobbery and I slept together, and put my hands over my ears, to shut out the roar of the waters.

How long I sat there I don't know, but I think it must have been hours, for I felt the sunlight slanting on my face, and the water rushing around me before I moved again. I was hungry, too; but when I tried to get down and reach the cupboard, the water took me off my feet, and I crept back to the bed, and on the shelves of the dresser, to be out of the way. I said my prayers two or three times, and I said some prayers for Bobbery, too, for I knew he would be sorry when he found me some day where I had died all alone, and in the dark. And then I tried to think how things looked from our window, with the water sweeping up to the very sill, and the red sunset lying on it—and beyond, the pretty town, and the steeple with the clock; and I thought it was better for me to die than Bobbery, after all, for he could see, while I—I had no pleasure in my life. And yet, I wanted to live; I wanted to hear Bobbery's voice again; I wanted the waters to go down, and somebody to remember me at last—for I was afraid.

Well, sir, God answers your prayers sometimes in a way that is terribly just. It takes us a long time to find out that everything is very good, I think, but we come to learn it at last—and learn, too, to leave our prayers as well as the answers to God. Somebody whose laughing voice across the waters was nearer every minute—somebody whose hands were on my shoulder, whose eyes, I felt, were on face—somebody who had never forgotten me—Bobbery!

"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, and I stretched out my arms to him.

Bobbery said: "I came over in a tub—only think! such a lark! but as I climbed in at the window, our tub drifted away, and however we're to get over I can't tell."

"You must think of something," I said, "Bobbery, it was a long day."

"Why, of course it was," Bobbery answered, "without me. Come along, the river's rising like fury."

"Is it very wide?" I asked.

"Oh, not more'n a good stretch from here to the dry land—but deep; over six feet, I should say—and rising."

"But the bed, Bobbery," I said, "and the other things?"

"Well, we must just leave them untill it's all right again."

"Will it ever be all right?" I asked.

"Why, yes, of course," said Bobbery.

He was such a splendid chap, sir, was Bobbery, and so clever! He took the two chairs that were drifting about the room, and tied them close together, and then we waded across to the window, and stood upon the sill.

"I think it's jolly good fun," said Bobbery. "If you could only see how your boat's bobbing up and down in front here! Get in quick, or I can't hold her. Here! port her helm, or something! Are you all right?"

"It's splendid," I said; "come along."

But when Bobbery put his foot on to the unsteady raft, she went down on one side with a plunge. "Never mind," he said; "you've just got to push yourself ashore with this pole, as straight as you can go, and I'll follow."

I swear to you, sir, I thought that was true, or I never would have left Bobbery. I took the pole he gave me,

Southern Press to Postmaster-General Key: In the autobiography of the Solid South there's no such word as 'erring."

and went out on the restless waters, that I felt were blood red where the setting sun had touched them. People on the opposite side cheered and cried and called me, and Bobbery behind called out once or twice, "Ship ahoy!" in a shrill voice that I knew and loved better than anything on earth, and once I heard him say, faintly—he seemed so far away—"In port at last.',

At last!

The people on shore had ceased their shouts of excitement and encouragement, the light had died utterly away.

In an awful silence, and an awful darkness, I jumped to land, and held out my two hands.

"Bobbery! Bobbery!" I cried, "I want to thank you."

Did Bobbery hear, sir, do you think? Do people hear anything, do people understand anything, after they have gone away?

I only knew that the awful silence was turning me to stone, that the awful darkness was rising like a stone wall between me and Bobbery—and I was afraid. When I called no one answered me and I was glad. If his voice was silent, any other voice would have maddened me just then, and I wanted nothing more to tell me all the truth. I learned through the silence on land and sea how God had answered my prayer.

They told me afterward how the plank he was launching to help himself to the shore drifted away from his hand, and was out of sight directly, how they would have saved him if they could, and how, when they began to shout to him directions, he made a sign for silence, and stood straight upon the sill, with the sunset creeping all about him, and the waters washing at his feet. They wondered why he had made no effort to reach the shore with me—they used to wonder, for a long time after, why he had stood so silent, with his eager eyes, and restless feet so strangely still. I knew, of course; but what right had any one to come between me and Bobbery? It wouldn't have done any one any good to know what I know—that Bobbery wouldn't let me lose the faintest chance; thought my blind, helpless life quite as well worth saving as his own. I would have done the same for him, sir, any day—for, Bobbery and me, we were always fond of each other.

The story's been longer than I thought, sir; but just the evening, and the floods again, and the wanting to know about the cross, brought it back to me like the same evening somehow—and it's company like to talk of the lad.

And Bobbery? he just died, sir; and the folks thought such a deal of him that they collected a bit to set me up, and I took half of the money just to put up this little cross by the riverside—for we always divided the coppers, sir; and I havent forgotten him—not in these two years!

That's all, sir—just all about Bobbery.—[Harper's Bazar.

A well-dressed negro applied to the judge of probate of Mobile for a marriage license. He was asked how old his intended was, and answered, with great animation, "Just sixteen, judge—sweet sixteen, and the handsomest girl in town." The judge said he could not do it, as the law forbade him to issue license to any one under eighteen. "Well, hold on, judge," exclaimed the man. "I know dat dem girls am deceitful and lie about deir age. She is nineteen if a day." "Will you swear to it?" asked the judge. "Yes, sah," he replied, and did. "And how old are you?" said the judge. The chap looked suspicious, and replied, cautiously: "Thirty-five," and added, "If dat won't do, judge, *I've got more buck.*"

An enterprising female was observed in Dayton; she had a large basket filled with provisions on her right arm, and grasped an umbrella in her right hand; her left arm encircled a watermelon; the left hand clutched a portemonnaie, and she carried her door-key in her mouth! Moreover she wore a suit with a long trail, and that trail she tucked around the handle of her market basket!

Texas watermelons are so big that a small boy has to go twice to steal one. It is a matter for congratulation that Texas boys are so ashamed of stealing that two of them do not like to go together.

AT LONG BRANCH.

Heartless Prattle that Tells of Many a Heartbreak.

From Harper's Bazar.

WEDNESDAY, LONG BRANCH.

DEAR NEWSPAPER—I am a little girl just 9 years old. My Mama is a butiful lady she is the loveliest woman in the world. I heard a gentleman tell her so and mama sent me away to play on the beech. We have got a baby and pretty big Baby two years old he is a dear little fellow. Marie takes care of him Marie is the boone Marie is pretty cross she slaps us both.

The baby has great big blue eyes and little cunnin yellow curls all over his head.

I have a big sash & blue shoes on every afternoon but I love the baby best, his name his Robby. Papa loves the baby too & he loves me. He comes here sometimes on Sunday. I have a Pony here but I like my papa best. Bathing is good for children.

Mama sends Marie to bathe me in the sea. She undresses me and the bathing man dips me and I screagh. Baby screaghes in a little tub in the bath house.

I hate the sea. But I love the Sand I dig in it and make houses. It won't make you dirty. My name is Mabel, but the children here at the hotel call me Runaway dear. That is not because I am like a horse, but because my Mama who is most butiful and wears butiful dresses and shiney rings says to me all the time runaway dear. And the gentleman with the black mustash that says my mama is the loveliest woman in the world says runaway too so I runaway.

My Papa's moustash is gray, I like that best. It is only 5 o'clock, but mama is out driving & Marie will slap me if I don't go to bed. It is very light. I don't want to go to bed. Marie says in french but I can't write it in French Your Mama is out with Him she says him so hard HIM. And she won't be in till ten she never is. Go to sleep.

Mama is cross Mama is a butiful lady. I hate that gentleman with the black moustash. I want to go to sleep, Your affecshunate friend.

MABEL.

THURSDAY, LONG BRANCH.—Dear Newspaper: My papa is here. He saw the letter I wrote you only for fun. He says I must write you more and he will send it to be printed because it may do somebody good. I don't know what he means. I can't write so good as I did yesterday or spel so good for I feel bad. Last night when mama was out driving with the gentleman with the black mustash Maria put me to bed when the sun was shining. she was going to put Robby to bed two but Robby is only a baby and he yeld Mama Mama. Marie said tais toi petit diable and she rocked him hard. The waiter that kisses Marie on the beach when I ain't looking, came to the door and said she must hurry up if she expected to go with him and have any fun at the dance. She said this petit diable wont go to sleep, she rocked him hard and Robby cried loud all the time. He wasn't sleepy.

I told Marie so and she said he was thirsty and gave him something to drink out of a spoon and then he went to sleep.

I went to sleep two & when it was dark in the night I woke up. There was a big moon but the corners were all black and I saw the big wolf that Marie tells me about standing in a black corner. I dident screagh because my throat hurt me so I couldent but I covered up my head and prayed. I prayed Now I lay me down to sleep because that was all I could think of but nothing about a wolf in it. I guess God knew I meant about the wolf.

In a good while Marie came in softly and when I said O Marie the wolf was here she said quick did Robbie wake up. I said no, & I clung to her dress when she went to Robby's crib she had a light.

Robby was fast asleep and Marie tried to wake him. I said what makes you wake him up? Marie didn't slap me then—she looked at me most awful and she dragged me to my bed and put me in and covered me up and said if I didn't try to sleep with my face to the wall she would bring the wolf, so I lies very still. Marie's voice was queer, as if she had a cold, and she kept shaking Robby and trying to wake him up, then she said Sainte Vierge and then she told me not to stir or she would bring the wolf, and I heard her open her trunk and take things out of it quickly and softly, and she said if I wasent still the devils would eat me. I screached and she put her hand over my mouth and said she would keep the wolf and the devils away if I kept as still as a mouse and shut my eyes and put my fingers in my ears, I did that for a good while and I went to sleep.

When I woke up again it was dark almost and I couldn't see the moon I called Marie and then I crept over to her bed. It was all white and Marie wasent in it. I cried out very loud and fell on the floor then I climed into little Robby's crib and laid down by him. Robby was all cold and I covered him up, and said "now I lay me," twice. Once for him because he's a baby and can't say his prayers. And I put my arms round him to make him warm and I went to sleep. When I woke up to-day it was sunshiney it was children's dinner time. A great many people all the waiters and chambermaids and gentlemen and ladys were all around our crib.

A lady said O poor little thing take her away. They lifted me out on the floor and a gentleman said O no she may tell us all about it. I said where is Marie Robby must get up and be dressed and a lady stood before the crib and I said is he asleep! She said yes he is asleep where is Marie; I told them perhaps the wolf had eaten her up but I don't believe that much when the sun shines. I told them all that had happened in the night like I have told you. Everybody looked strange and said Mary was wicked and would be tryed and hunged if they caught her I laughed, and I said I was glad she had gone because she slapped us and I hoped nobody wouldn't catch her. I said I could dress my brother.

All the ladies said no no. And a lady cried and kissed me and said she was going to dress him but I must be good and go to Mama's room. I told that lady don't cry because Marie went away. I won't cry for her I'm glad But that lady said she would dress Robby so I went to Mama's room. A Strange gentleman was there who looked very sorry and more people too and he said something to Mama.

I saw my mama fall down on the floor all white and she said I'm punished I'm punished O my Baby. I said Mama don't cry that lady will dress the Baby. That strange gentleman gave Mama something out of a little bottle and he made Bridget the chambermaid take me down on the beech.

Bridget rocked herself and cryed and told me stories and was good to me. She dident slap me like Marie. Bridget said Mary was a frinch divil and she had gone away in the nigh. and nobody won't find her ar y moret I am glad of that Papa came down to the beech for me.

Bridget said the telegraf had brought him from New York quick. He kissed, but he was so white and his lips were white and his hands were cold. I ran to our room to see Robby. The strange man that looked sorry was there. My papa said is there no hope doctor. The doctor said none the stuff did its work in a few hours. My papa cryed out loud.

I ran to my mamas room she was seated in a chair all still like a picture: Her eyes were big and her hair was all over her beautiful dress.

I said mamma and she threw up her arms and said O so loud O my baby, my baby. That some people sent me away but Robby was asleep on Mama's bed, but they wouldn't let me kiss him or go near him Robby was all white.

Papa's eyes are all red I showed him the letter I wrote yesterday to make him laugh he doesn't laugh. He says write my little girl, write all you can think of then you shall kiss my little brother.

Papa says to the strange man: Are there no mothers nowadays doctor and papa cries more. Hush, the doctor says she is to be pitied, this blow has almost killed her.

Papa says write my darling write doctor, this child shall write all this as a lesson to some other gay mother.

My hair is all wet papa cries so. Excuse my bad writing. I never wrote such a long letter before. Papa will take me to Robby now. He says for the last time for the last time. My little boy O my little boy. I feel bad too but I dont see what papa means because Robby is asleep on Mama's bed Good by Your afecshunate friend.

MABEL.

Lady Godiva of Coventry.

The origin of the Lady Godiva procession at Coventry is given in "Old Streets and Houses of England," an article in the last number of Scribner's Magazine:

Godiva is, of course, the most famous personage in the history of Coventry. We all know by heart the poem of Tennyson's beginning:

"I waited for the train at Coventry;
I hung with grooms and porters on the bridge
To watch the three tall spires, and there I shaped
The city's ancient legend into this."

The legend is given in the poem, though we believe the "grim earl's" name is not mentioned. Leofric, Earl of Marcia, Lord of Coventry, had imposed certain grievous services upon the place, which his Countess, Godiva, had in vain begged him to remit. He commanded her to speak to him no more of the tax. When she finally began again her entreaties, he told her that he would never consent to take off the exactions unless she should ride naked at noon from one end of the town to the other. To his astonishment, she merely said: "Will you give me leave to go?" The Earl was, of course, obliged to say "Yes," and Godiva mounting her horse, naked, her long tresses making for her a covering, rode through the town. Until of late years there was in Trinity Church, Coventry, a window which was a memorial of this event. It represented Leofric and Godiva standing together, Leofric holding in his hand, and in the act of presenting it to the Countess, a scroll or charter inscribed thus:

"I, Luriche, for the love of thee,
Doe make Coventrie tol-free."

For many years past there has existed at Coventry a procession in honor of this event. It was the main feature of the celebrated Coventry Fair. This fair commenced on Friday in Trinity week and continued for eight days. It was of very ancient origin,—the charter having been granted by Henry III. in 1218. For many centuries it was one of the chief marts in the kingdom. But of late years it has been principally celebrated on account of the show or procession of Lady Godiva, which was exhibited at intervals of from three to seven years on the first day of the fair. This procession is believed to have been first founded in 1678, or at any rate the procession of Lady Godiva was then first introduced into the pageant. To the same period may be referred the introduction of the far-famed Peeping Tom of Coventry. The queen's command was that the chaste and loyal inhabitants of Coventry should go in-doors and remain during the hour set for the ride. But a certain tailor, who has passed into history as Peeping Tom, could not refrain from looking and had his eyes shriveled in his head. The figure of Peeping Tom is still to be seen at the corner of Hartford street in an opening at the upper part of a house. The figure is ancient and is rather larger than the usual proportions of a man.

—Scribner for September.

The Chicago Times offers this concerning the adjustment of wages along the Michigan Central road:

The new schedule is graded upon a scale furnished by the employers, and, instead of cutting wages down, produces an average increase of 6 per cent. An excellent feature of the arrangement is that the compensation of engineers is fixed upon a basis which recognizes experience and fidelity, a percentage of increase being provided for those who are retained continuously in the company's service. A premium is thus offered for intelligence, skill, sobriety, and steadiness, and strikes are rendered a little more odious and considerably less profitable.

The religious life is begun simply by a surrender of the will to God. It is needless to go through any preconceived process marked by starting or moving. It is needless to look for an ecstatic vision breaking in upon and dispelling clouds of darkness and despair. A happy frame of mind may be the result, it can never be the cause of an acceptance with God.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

EDITED BY MRS. GEO. KATOR.

As far as we know of all created forms, the human form is the grandest.

How shall we judge of its beauty correctly, except by finding out its uses?

When we study the meaning of muscles and tendons, the wonderful mechanism of hand and foot, the adaptation of eye and ear to the laws of light and sound, the exquisite arrangement of the internal organism, we expect capacities corresponding to these intimations, and we call that man or woman beautiful in whom every organ and faculty appears most perfectly developed. As these are gifts for which we ought to be thankful, are we blameless if we go through life ignorant of the laws that make us healthy and strong? A healthy body has a healthy mind, a sickly body has a correspondingly sickly mind.

The great emergencies of life are to be met and disposed of by high and low, by rich and poor; therefore none of us can afford to be ignorant of the great laws of life by which we are governed. First, to be well, the body must be in the light. Darkness and damp poisonous vapors, kept in shut-up unused rooms, are death. The velocity of light, or the vibrations of ether through space in all directions, travel at the rate of 192,500 miles per second. For what purpose this wonderful velocity if not to be appropriated? Place a healthy and vigorous plant in a dark room, for a short length of time even, and you will have unmistakable proof that life in health cannot exist in the dark. A healthy adult consumes 34 grammes of oxygen per hour, (a gramme being equal to 15 grains) and gives off 40 grammes per hour of carbonic acid. A school room filled with children, will, if not well ventilated, at the beginning of the hour contain 25 parts in 1,000 of carbonic acid, at the end of the first hour 41 parts, and at the end of the second hour 81. The air is also vitiated by perspiration of the body and by the volatile oils given out through the skin. Accidental vapors are the crowning source of air poisoning. These are tobacco smoke, kitchen vapors and all decayed matters. Housewives should see that all parings of fruit and vegetables are immediately disposed of. Anything that is spoiled and in a decaying condition disease and death.

All unused rooms should be thoroughly aired, and have all the light you can command at least once a day. Sweeping changes the air under furniture and make such rooms more healthful. It hath been said that "cleanliness is next to Godliness," to which doctrine I subscribe, as a firm believer —*Contributed by Mrs. Jas. H. Phillips*

TO COOK GREEN CORN.

Almost every garden now has its patch of sweet corn, cultivated expressly for table use. The varieties are very numerous, and all of them are far superior to the common field corn for cooking purposes; some, however, maintain that "they like the old-fashioned yellow corn the best," which is tantamount to declaring themselves as "born among the mountains and all the rest are heathen." It is curious to trace one's nativity from such little things as that—a simple act—a decided preference, sturdily maintained—an expression, oftentimes merely a word, will locate the early surroundings of an individual, as surely as would an affidavit. A friend who has traveled extensively through the States, and who can amuse one by the hour, in repeating local phrases, idiomatic expressions, etc., at one time dismounted at a rude border hotel, and was immediately saluted by one of its inmates with "Hello, Stranger! Come in and take suthin' warmenin'." "Yes, of course," answered he, mentally going over the word, warmenin'—warmenin'—I never heard that word out of Tennessee, and I'll bet a cookie he's a Tennesseean—"Yes, of course," and after a pause, "How long have you been from Tennessee, my friend?" "About three months; but how do you know I came from there?" So probably the least observant among us could have determined the birth-place of the hotel guest who told the waiter to "put some more corn on that cob, plaze," and if the New England woman who knows her own mind, and knowing, dares maintain it, will take our advice and add a few spoonfuls of white sugar to her next dish of field corn, she will find it greatly improved. Sweet corn is often injured by too long boiling. If it is cooked on the cob, as is the most common way, or if it is cut off, and to be used like succotash, it should be put into boiling water, and fifteen or twenty minutes is a sufficient time to cook it.

CORN PUDDING.—To be eaten as a vegetable—Add to one quart of grated green corn, a tea cupful of cream or milk, a lump of butter the size of an egg, and a tea sponful of salt. Mix all well together; put it in a baking dish and bake an hour and a half. To be eaten with butter, pepper and salt.

GREEN CORN SOUP.—Cut the corn from the cob and boil the cobs half an hour. Take out the cobs and put in the corn and boil it half an hour. Add half as much sweet milk as you have of the corn soup. Season with salt and a little pepper, and one or two beaten eggs, if you like. Let all boil up together, thickening with a little flour, stirred smooth in milk.

ANOTHER WAY—of preparing corn for winter use, and which those who have tried, prefer to any other, is to cut the green corn without boiling and pack it alternating one pint of corn and a small handful of salt. When the jar is nearly full, put a tight fitting cover on the corn, and place a weight on it, as it must be kept under the brine which is made from its own juice. Or another way and which Miss Harland strongly sanctions, is to boil the corn on the cob, until the milk ceases to flow, then cut off and pack in stone jars in the following order—A layer of salt at the bottom half an inch deep, then one of corn two inches in depth, another half inch of salt, and so on until the jar is nearly filled. Let the top layer of salt be double the depth of the others, and pour over all melted—not hot—lard. Press upon this when nearly cold, thick white paper, cut to fit the mouth of the jar. Keep in a cool place and soak over night before using it.

TO DRY CORN. — Corn, to dry should only be cooked just long enough to harden the milk, then cut from the cob, but not too deep, or you get the tough, fibrous hull—then arrange on platters or in paper lined biscuit pans, and consigned to a moderately heated oven, care being taken to stir and keep it from scorching. Those who are fortunate enough to own a patent Dryer, will not need these instructions, and those who are not so fortunate may console themselves by doing the best they can under the circumstances, and to our mind this is a very satisfactory way of drying corn, much more so, indeed, than putting in the sunshine as many advocate.

To Make Butter Hard.

An English butter-maker of large experience, who is now on a visit to this country, for the purpose of looking over our cheese and butter dairies, gives us the following information concerning a method in practice among the best butter-makers of England for hardening or rendering butter firm and solid during hot weather: Carbonate of soda and alum are used for the purpose, made into a powder. For twenty pounds of butter, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda and one teaspoonful of powdered alum are mingled together at the time of churning and put into the cream. The effect of this powder is to make the butter come firm and solid, and to give it a clean, sweet flavor. It does not enter into the butter, but its action is upon the cream, and it passes off with the buttermilk. The ingredients of the powder should not be mingled together until required to be used, or at the time the cream is in the churn ready for churning.

How She Served Two Masters

The following incident is reported in a camp-meeting letter to the Chicago *Times*:

The sweetest oratory I have listened to on cliff or in forest was when I awoke from a twilight dream which had overtaken me as I sat leaning against the base of a monstrous tree. They were upon the opposite side, and I could not run. Said she: "Since we were children I have felt a deep interest and friendliness in your welfare, and since I came to know the blessedness of hope I have longed to share my joy with you. Will you give your heart to your Maker?"

He said: "I can't do that, Molly. I would if I could, because you wish it. I gave it to you last winter during your meetings of the '*Jeud'esprit*,' and if you really don't want to keep it yourself, you may give it to whoever you please, for I shall never have any use for it. I would like, you know, to share a blessedness of hope very likely much the same as yours if you would only arrange things so that I might have you all the time to divide the joy with which I hope you mean; can't you, Molly?"

She said: "O John!" and there was a fumbling, and if he didn't kiss her, and she didn't kiss him, why "Katy did," and the woods are full of them. Then she said, "You must tell pa how you feel," and he said:

"Isn't it too soon after getting a new heart to tell a fellow's experience?" and she said, "Not at all. It is proper, and I am very happy."

He said: "Not as happy, Mollie, as if I had given my heart to the Lord, are you?" This question in a pathetic and apprehensive tone, and she replied: "It's all the same, John. I'll see that the good Lord gets it at last."

Then they went off to inform pa, and get an earthly blessing from him, for John is in the leather business, and very prosperous.

RELIGIOUS.

All the events of life are precious to him who sees in everything the hand of his Heavenly Father. No wind can blow wrong; no event be mistimed; no result be disastrous. If God but cares for our inward and eternal life, and if, by all our earthly experiences, he is unfolding it, and preparing for its full and perfect disclosure above, then nothing can befall us but prosperity.—[Matthew Henry.

Wherever you find a preacher who is preaching about life in the old-fashioned, simple, direct and heart-felt fashion, there around him you find the people. They flock to hear him, and they do it because he speaks not as one who utters a speculation, or is simply throwing out an ingenious or pious suggestion but as one who has authority. And no one who has this authoritativeness of utterance gets it from any other source than the Spirit which in ancient days in inspired and does still inspire them to apply the law of God to the lives of men.—[Murray

The Christian aim is to be perfect. "Be ye therefore perfect." Now distinguish this from mere worldly morality. It is not conformity to a creed that is here required, but aspiration after a state or condition. It is not the demand that we preform a certain number of duties, but that we yield obedience to a certain spiritual law.—[F. W. Robertson.

The greatest proof of the Divine, is that it is deeply and tenderly human. Those who have struggled nearest to the center of truth and life in Christ, are those who will have most sympathy with men striving amid waves of doubt to plant their feet on some spiritual certainty; and they who have risen highest in purity of heart, will be most ready to stretch out their hand to help a sinner to retrieval. The reason is plain. It is these men who are acquainted with the misery of the conflict and the blessedness of the calm. We know of no greater enemy to Christianity than a hard orthodoxy destitute of the insight of charity, and a cold self-satisfied morality which seeks its own comfort in being saved, and gathers up its skirts from the touch of what it calls the sinful world. What that world wants at all times, and in our time more than ever is sympathy; and it would be a good thing for Christian men to look less to the Pharisee as their model, and more to Christ.—[Ker.

A Pittsburgh mechanic asks the following very proper question: "Having been a worker for forty years, by industry and economy I have accumulated several thousand dollars, and wishing to provide for a rainy day I invested them in railroad, bank and insurance stocks, and a little in a bond, before it was considered criminal to own such documents. I ask, Am I a working-man, a capitalist or a bloated bondholder?"

THE COMMERCIAL.

Free to Do Right—To Do Wrong, Never.

SATURDAY, Sept. 8, 1877.

—We offer the COMMERCIAL on trial from Sept. 1st to March 1st, 6 months, for 75 cts. in order to acquaint as large a number as possible with its merits.

The regular price, $2.00 per annum, to mail subscribers, which includes the postage.

WE believed that Hayes was elected President until he confessed to the contrary by his criminal and unconstitutional course in regard to the State of Louisiana.

THE worst thing that ever happened to the Republican party was the election of Hayes. Tilden would have done the same thing Hayes has done, and the hypocrites now endorsing Hayes would have cried "bloody murder." Hayes, Stanley Matthews & Co. would have raised one loud cry of protest. The Republican party from Maine to Texas, from ocean to ocean, would have been a united host to put down such a desperate scapegrace and rebel. And in 1880 the Republican party would have swept the field. Now, with Hayes as a miserable imitator of Tilden, the party stands a chance of being annihilated.

"True Consistency."

The Detroit *Post* thus responds to our charge of inconsistency:

"It seems to us that those who disapprove the President's policy in Ohio should take the most practical and practicable course to produce a change of policy. Open bolting, like the Beatty movement, is calculated to produce the result of a Democratic victory. The Democrats indorse the President's policy. Helping the Democrats to win a victory is, practically, helping to make the President's Southern policy permanent. If that policy is defeated, or changed, it will have to be defeated or changed in and by the Republican party, through a Republican victory, followed by the election to the United States Senate, to succeed Stanley Matthews, of a Republican who does not sustain the policy. A Democratic victory will be followed by the election of a Democratic United States Senator, who will sustain the policy, while he will oppose the Republicans in every attempt to change that policy, and in everything else. We ask the Ypsilanti COMMERCIAL to tell us candidly if it does not believe with us that the election of a Democratic Senator from Ohio, next winter, will be one more vote to sustain the policy, and one more obstacle in the way of changing the policy—in short, practically strengthening the policy in the Senate, instead of weakening it? If it does so believe, then it must also hold, with us, that the only way to change the policy is to elect to the Senate a Republican who is opposed to the policy; and the only way to accomplish this is to obtain a Republican victory in the approaching election."

"Now all the signs in Ohio point to the defeat of Stanley Matthews, next winter, if the Republicans carry the election, and the election in his place of Gen. Garfield, or some other Republican, who can be trusted to obey the wishes of the party which elects him. Now Gen. Garfield, in his recent speeches, in this very campaign, has boldly and openly announced from the stump that he does not approve of the President's Civil Service order. He is also sound on the currency and silver question."

"In regard to the Southern policy, Mr. Garfield denied that the President had made a bargain, or was a party to any bargain, with Southern Democrats; and there he stopped. He has, all along, been reticent, refusing to speak or be interviewed about the Southern policy. At the Ohio convention, he was reported not to be in favor of indorsing the Southern policy, but rather in favor of avoiding it."

"Judge Taft is the next most prominent candidate for the Senate. Certainly the Ypsilanti COMMERCIAL would regard the election to the Senate of Judge Taft as a square and unmistakable defeat of the policy, at all points, in Ohio. The opponents of the policy, if they mean practical and practicable business, can best accomplish practical results, it seems to us, by using their strength to elect Judge Taft, or, failing him, to elect Gen. Garfield. But to elect Judge Taft, it is first necessary for the Republicans to carry the State in the coming election. What good will there be in defeating the ticket, merely to "rebuke" the policy, but practically thereby electing Democrats who support the policy? The true way is to defeat the policy, and get it changed, if possible, by electing Republicans to Congress who disapprove of it. As to the State officers, they have nothing practically to do with it. The battle is to be fought out in Congress. Our consistency has always been of that kind which seeks to carry its point; or to come as near to carrying it as possible. It is not of that kind which would defeat itself from mere spite, or which would defeat its own object for the mere sake of "rebuking" anybody or anything. We had much rather defeat the policy, and change it, than "rebuke" it. If our critic can point out wherein this is not consistent, we will at once confess."

REPLY.

The *Post* claims to be unequivocally opposed to "the policy." We have published many articles from the *Post* demanding a change in the policy and its stern rebuke. The question naturally arises, how is the administration to be taught that it is unpopular with the people, and that the people wish a change? Is it by electing the nominees of a convention which endorsed the policy? The *Post* well knows that the election of the Republican ticket in Ohio this Fall will be sounded far and near as an approval of the Hayes policy. The administration will so consider it, and find comfort in the verdict. If the *Post* truthfully represents Gen. Garfield, he is a weak-kneed man—"ballancing on a pole." He is all over an "Ohio politician,"—lacking amazingly in backbone. We think much more of Stanley Matthews who comes out like a man and defends "the policy," instead of like Garfield, "wiggling and wiring in and out, reticent, refusing to speak or be interviewed about the Southern policy." It is this class of emasculated politicians that is cursing this country to-day. As between the two, give us the outspoken Stanley Matthews to the double-faced Garfield. Judge Taft was defeated for Governor, and in a legislature elected on the policy endorsement basis, and with the administration against him, would stand just about as good a chance for Senator as old Ben Wade himself. The *Post* dare not deny that Republican success in Ohio this Fall means the endorsement and perpetuation of the policy. It means the election of a policy man to the Senate. It means the election of Garfield or some more plastic man. If the Republican convention had denounced instead of giving a *quasi* endorsement to the policy, the success of the party would have told against the policy, and there would be a reasonable hope of an anti-policy U. S. Senator. A Republican policy Senator, or an excusing, apologetic one like Garfield, will do the party far more irreparable injury than a Democratic policy Senator. The former will divide or completely use up the party. The latter will serve to unite it. A united North will never come until we wade down into the deep waters of tribulation. Let that tribulation come through the Democratic party rather than through misguided Republicans. Whenever a party ceases to subserve the ends of its existence, whenever in any State it gets into the hands of questionable men, and its success means the endorsement and perpetuation of a *great wrong*, the best interests of the party and of the country demand its defeat in that locality. This is the case in Ohio. To denounce a policy and then elect its supporters or men who are janus-faced in regard to it, is, in our judgment, a sneaking inconsistency, unworthy a paper of the reputation and hitherto outspoken character of the *Post*. The COMMERCIAL endorses the Beatty appeal in full; and we are a straight-out 1876 Republican. Under *no possible circumstances* will we vote a ticket in *any manner whatever* endorsing Hayes. We have no faith in the man or his Cabinet advisers. We believe Hayes to be a weak, plastic political demagogue, willing for the sake of the Presidency to throw away all the principles the Republican party ever held; to sell out (and he did) the men who perilled their all, life itself, to secure his election; a man who, though he deprecated the election of Tilden on account of the Republicans of the South, has done more to disfranchise, to deprive them of their just, inalienable rights—to *destroy* them—than Tilden would have dared to do. If a policy man must be elected Senator, and a policy man will most assuredly be, let him be a Democrat and not a dough-faced Republican.

Worthy of Public Attention.

MR. EDITOR: Although not approving of the idea of finding fault with School Trustees, or their management of the important trusts committed to their charge, yet there is a point beyond which endurance ceases to be a virtue; and I decidedly think that submission to the gross wrong heaped on parents who are endeavoring to educate their children, by the constant change of textbooks, *is that point.* New books have to be bought every term, and the old ones thrown aside as worthless, entailing an expense which, to many, is an onerous as well as unnecessary burden. That it is unnecessary, no one of common sense can deny, for the books adopted last term cannot have become so obsolete as to require a change of authors in so short a time. History, geography, book-keeping, grammar, etc., are not subjects to change every few months and require new theories for their development. It has been a progressive evil, though frequently brought to the notice of individual members of the Board, in hopes of being rectified by that body. Many men have an itching for book-writing, but are deterred by the cost of publication. But with school books the matter is different, as publishers take hold of them more easily, knowing that through teachers and members of school board committees they can *oblige* parents to purchase a book which never could gain notoriety through its merits. *They must purchase, or their children leave school!* We are heavily taxed for school purposes, and very naturally feel the additional burden imposed on us every term by the purchase of new books. The book-shelves of our merchants who deal in school books are ample proof of the truth of their remonstrance, being loaded with books *not now in use*, but which they were obliged to have at the time they were in vogue. Teachers are provided *gratis* with books, but the parents must buy. Now, there are two remedies for the evil. First, let the Board not sanction the introduction of new books unless the publishers exchange for the old ones in use the previous term. Let them be convinced change is needed for the *benefit of the scholars*, and not the caprice of teachers, who most generally are influenced by the "douceurs" of book agents, who *directly* or INDIRECTLY urge the book they are endeavoring to introduce. Secondly, let them not change at all, as it is a well established axiom in teaching "that constant change of books works to the detriment of the scholar," though it may prove beneficial to the pocket of the teacher. The Board of Trustees are (or ought to be) able to select suitable books without consulting teachers, who are open to the serious and grave charge of corruption. TAX-PAYER.

THE Portland *Press* says: The following lines, written by James Russell Lowell on Andrew Johnson's defection, sound rather queer in view of recent events:

"To see the South all back at once
Reaping the spiles of the Frees'iler,
Is cute as though an engineer
Should claim th' old iron for his sheer
Cos 'twas him that burst the biler."

A PRIZE of twenty dollars has been offered by the Paris Anti-Tobacco Society for the best essay addressed to the young on the dangers of the use of tobacco; a prize of forty dollars to the physician who shall write "the greatest number of interesting and unpublished remarks" concerning the diseases which follow the use of tobacco; and a prize of sixty dollars for the best essay on the influence of tobacco upon students in schools.

OUR boys are paid off on Saturday evening, board and washing bills paid, tobacco enough to last through the coming week, and perhaps the grocer's bill, if the man is married, and the remainder of the week's earnings go to the saloon-keeper; the drinker is drunk on Sunday, drunk on Monday, drunk on Tuesday, and on Wednesday is ready for work again, until his employer disgusted with such conduct, discharges him. But what is the attitude of such affairs to-day? It is not the red ribbon man against the saloon-keeper, but the dignity and integrity of the law vs. the saloon-keeper and beer manufacturer. The question is whether a clear majority of 1,676 voters of the grand old city of Detroit shall be shamed into silence and the entire police force be made ineffective by 600 beer and whiskey venders.

A young man enters a saloon in one of our principal streets, spends his money, gets drunk and comes home filthy and almost naked; he is washed and dressed up again, irresistably he is drawn into the whirlpool of shame, degredation and crime, his money gone, he pawns his coat, next his vest, and on one occasion his shirt; drink, intoxicating drink he must have it, and thus shivering and almost naked, he is turned out into the street, out into the dark. The saloon-keeper who perpetrated this hellish deed, was a woman and a mother, and when expostulated with by the mother of the young man, said, "I pay my license, and its none of your business." Yes, they pay their license and by virtue of their receipt, can, and do demand the law's protection, and the mother of the young man is powerless, except to weep and mourn over the wreck produced by legalized justice. We pass a law for the manufacture of criminals, then when all is gone, love gone, respect gone, manhood gone, we punish the man for committing a crime the law contemplated.

If we sow in the whirlwind, we shall reap destruction.—*Truth for the People.*

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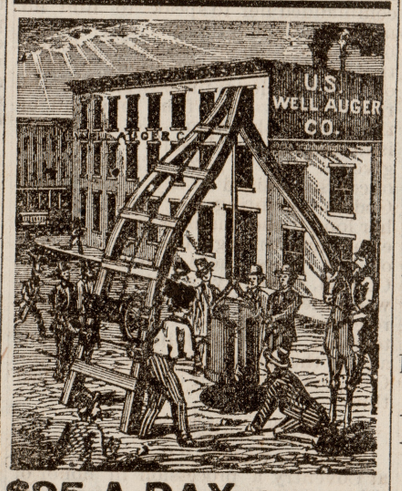

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The following persons have this Auger in operation. Write to them (enclosing a stamp), and see how they like it: Geo. M. Ward, Salem, N. J. (a good old quaker). S. M. Payne, Wilsonville, Shelby Co., Ala, Rev. E. Berry, Gratiot, Licking Co., O. C. F. Walter, Concord, N. C. C. W. Herrand, Lapeer, Mich. Gen. J. A. Lockhart, Van Buren, Ark. County rights for sale. Every Auger warrented. Send stamp for our large Auger Book, and address,

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Local Matters.

SATURDAY, Sept. 8, 1877.

—The COMMERCIAL will be offered from Sept. 1st to March 1st, 6 months, for 75 cts. in order to acquaint as many as possible with its merits.

The regular price, $2.00 per annum, to mail subscribers, which includes the postage.

—The Premium Lists for the Eastern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society Fair, recently published at this office, can be had at the office of the Secretary, Frank Joslin, at this office, and at any of the stores. Besides all needed information in regard to premiums, &c., it also contains announcements of the leading business men of the county.

—One of Detroit's principal attractions is the Russell House Bazaar, situated under the Russell House and directly opposite the City Hall. Parties who have visited similar establishments in all of the large cities in this country and Europe, pronounce this the finest of its class in the world. When any of our readers are in Detroit they cannot do better than to spend a half hour sauntering through the Bazaar, where will be found unique and useful articles from every quarter of the globe. Do not fail to visit the Bazaar.

FROM THE ANN ARBOR *Argus*.—Dr. R. B. Gates is president of the Chelsea Reform Club.

The Ypsilanti city school district got dog taxes during the school year just closed amounting to $133. Under what law?

The barn of Joseph McGuiness, in the town of Dexter, was struck by lightning on Tuesday afternoon. Several parties had taken shelter in it but no one was seriously injured, and fortunately the barn was not set on fire.

That eclipse of the moon, set down for Thursday evening of last week, was a complete failure in this vicinity, owing to an untimely and severe rain storm. But there was a beautiful rainbow at so late an hour as between eight and nine o'clock.

During a severe thunder storm which passed over the town of Freedom, Wednesday afternoon of this week, William O'Neil, a man about sixty years of age, was struck by lightning and instantly killed. He was engaged at the time, in company with a man named Patrick O'Brien, in spreading manure. O'Brien was stunned by the stroke but not seriously injured.

About eight o'clock of the same evening lightning struck the barn of a German named John Straehle, who lives in the western part of the town of Sharon. Mr. Straehle had just finished threshing and lost not only his barn but his grain, a good horse, and a cow. Your correspondent has not been able to learn the exact loss, but it is no doubt quite heavy, and must fall doubly so upon Mr. Straehle as he has but one arm.

As the cabbage worm is reported very destructive in this vicinity, as elsewhere in other sections of the State, we give two recipes for their destruction. The first is furnished by S. W. Dorr, of Sharon, to the Manchester *Enterprise*, in a letter describing the parent moth or butterfly and its habits:

"Sprinkle a little fine salt on the cabbage when the dew is on, or use a solution of saltpeter and alum. We have tried a sprinkling of hot water with good effect; but it must be applied with care, or ruin the cabbage. No doubt the most effectual method would be to catch the butterfly and thus nip the whole evil in the bud."

The second is cut from the Adrian *Press*:

"Dr. Mardin, of this city, gives us the following recipe for killing cabbage worms: Take one-half pound of alum, pulverize and dissolve it in about one quart of water. Then put the liquid thus obtained into a pailful of soft water and sprinkle freely over the cabbage when it is dry. Do this thoroughly and no worms will stay on the plants."

FROM THE ANN ARBOR *Courier*.—Those desiring, can still procure copies of the argument of Hon. Emery A. Storrs in the Rose-Douglas case.

An apple tree on the farm of Jno. Ryan, of Northfield, was struck by lightning, and at the same time two sheep, fifteen rods away, were killed by the concussion.

The hay fever is becoming quite prevalent in this place. Soon the salutation will be, "How is your hay fever?"—spoken through the nose with the genuine New England twang.

The seventh annual fair of the Eastern Michigan Agricultural and Mechanical Society will be held in Ypsilanti, four days, commencing Sept. 25th. As the society whose grounds are located here do not hold a fair this year, a full attendance should be given to our neighbors, so that they will reciprocate next year.

The lightning, of which few people stand in dread, has been playing havoc of late. Not only has property been destroyed, but life also. Tuesday Mr. John G. Miller and Rudolph L. Green were upon the farm of John Schmid, of Northfield, helping him draw rails. Noticing the shower approaching, they started for the house, Miller and Green walking. Finding the storm upon them, they betook themselves to the shelter of what was supposed to be a friendly tree, but which in reality was what attracted the lightning, causing death. After a very sharp flash of lightning, Schmid looked back and discovered them both in a prostrate position, one on the other, and both on a large dog that accompanied them, the dog being uninjured. Green was unconscious, but Miller was able to speak, and requested Schmid to take care of his wife and child, thus seemingly realizing the fact that he could not live long. He expired in a short time. They were taken to the house and Dr. Kapp summoned, who applied the proper restoratives, so that Mr. Green is considered out of danger. On Wednesday Mr. Martin Clark went out and held an inquest upon the body of Miller. An examination of the corpse showed that the lightning struck him on the nape of the neck, and passed down his back to his leg, tearing his pantaloons, and then on to his foot, tearing out the buckle of his shoe. The skin was discolored where the lightning passed over the body, it being brown. The skin was not broken. The coroner's verdict was that the deceased came to his death by a stroke of lightning. The age of the deceased was thirty-six years. He leaves a wife and one child in Detroit, his place of residence. The remains were brought to this city by Mr. O. M. Martin, and packed in ice to await an answer to a telegram informing his family of his untimely end. The lightning struck Mr. Green on the left shoulder, and passing across his chest and abdomen, passed down his right leg, and in passing from the foot into the ground tore his shoe all to pieces. His can be considered a most remarkable escape. This should be a lesson to all to avoid the shelter of a tree during a rain storm.

ITEMS FROM THE ANN ARBOR *Register*.—Ten women voted at the election on Monday.

Twenty-one thousand and fifty dollars have been subscribed in this city for the A. A. & T. R. R.

Rev. Dr. Haskell closed his thirtieth year of pastoral services in the State, a week since. This long term has all been passed in only three different places, Detroit, Kalamazoo, and this city.

Horace Booth, one of the pioneers of this county, died at the age of 76 on Monday. He came to Michigan from Orange county, N. Y., and settled in Washtenaw county in 1826, fifty-one years ago. He died in Pittsfield at the residence of his son Nelson.

Shortly after the Jackson accommodation had left here on Wednesday, the connecting rod on the locomotive broke, striking the engineer, Wm. Moore, on the head, and knocking him on to the tender, rendering him unconscious. The fireman promptly applied the air brakes and succeeded in stopping the train. Mr. Moore was severely injured. He resides in Jackson. The train was delayed two hours.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—Smith Macomber to Frederick Horning (quit-claim), 25 acres of land in section 18, township three south of range six east, in Pittsfield; $50.00.

Elizah Lathrop to Smith Macomber (quit-claim), 25 acres of land in section 18, township three south of range six east, township of Pittsfield; 5.00.

Alvin Mead to Charles H. Roberts (quit-claim), property in section one, township three south of range six east, in the town of Pittsfield; $1,220.

Edward Lathrop to Smith Macomber, (quit-claim), 25 acres in section 18, township three south of range six east, town of Pittsfield; $5.00.

John Dickerson to Trustees of First Baptist Church of Salem, 98 rods of land in section 11, town one south range seven east, township of Salem; $100.

John N. Flower to John L. Hixon, land in Stuck's addition to Ypsilanti; $450.

Stephen B. Morse to Wm. H. Hall, lot 43 in Morse's addition to Ypsilanti; $200.

Charles H. Wallace to Jennie B. Wallace. lot 403, according to recorded plat of city of Ypsilanti; $1,500.

Eliza Lathrop (by heirs) to Smith Macomber (quit-claim), 25 acres of land in section 18, township three south of range six east, township of Pittsfield; $5.00.

James Waugh to Wm. T. Webster, 40 acres of land in north-west quarter of section 31, in township four, south of range six east, in township of York; $1,200.

John M. Prendle to Samuel Post, (quit-claim), village lots 60 and 61 in Cross and Bishop's addition to city of Ypsilanti; also two acres of land in lot 64 in same addition; $845.69.

OBITUARY.

At eight o'clock on the evening of the 29th day of August. 1877, Charles Howe Wallace died, in the city of Ypsilanti, Mich.

The summer was almost ended; the last rays of the brilliant twilight were fading into night when his spirit was released and the struggle was over. That struggle had been long and resolute, but it availed not. For months his numerous friends had marked the steady encroachment of disease; but he almost to the last was hopeful and expectant of a favorable change. It came not.

He was one of the pioneers of Washtenaw county. Coming in his very youth, in advance of his father's family, he helped to bear the burdens and deprivations of the early settlement, and they were many. Of his fellow pioneers but few remain. They will expect to see some grateful recognition of his fortitude and enterprise.

He was born in the town of Thetford, Orange county, Vermont, upon the 11th day of February, 1812, consequently at the time of his death he was sixty-five years, six months, and eighteen days old. In his early childhood, and near the close of the second war with Great Brittain, in 1815, his father left New England and with multitudes of emigrants settled in the State of New York, in the new and then distant region known as the "Genesee Country." Here in the township of Livonia, Livingston county, the family remained until the year 1832, when, joining the great tidal wave of emigration from central New York, they came to Michigan and settled in the township of Saline, Washtenaw county. Here farms were purchased three miles west of Saline village upon the "Chicago road," recently opened by the United States government, connecting the military posts of Detroit and Chicago. Young Mr. Wallace preceded the family and came to Saline in May, 1831, being then in his twentieth year. About the year 1833, he married Miss Eleanor Cushing.

A few years of farming life sufficed. There were other labors and duties awaiting him. For several years he served the public in an official station as deputy sheriff, &c. In the year 1853 he was first elected to the office of Justice of the Peace for four years; again in 1857, and 1861, and finally in 1866, making sixteen years in that office. Three things were noted in his administration as a magistrate, his avoidance of expense to the county, his success in inducing a settlement without legal process, and the correctness of his decisions, they very rarely having ever been reversed by the Circuit Court. As executor or administrator Mr. Wallace was constantly in service for many years. Very few, if any, men in the county were so frequently called to settle the estates of his fellow citizens, departed. Many widows and orphan children have found in him a wise and faithful counsellor. These facts bespeak the confidence of his fellow citizens in his judgment and integrity.

In the year 1857 his only son, Bradley, died, at the age of twenty-one. In September, 1861, Mrs. Wallace, his wife, departed, being only forty-five years old. Again in January, 1865, his daughter Sarah, wife of J. Winters, was called, at twenty-four years of age. Being peculiarly attached to his family these losses bore heavily upon him. Of his four children two remain, Mrs. Adeline Williams, of Oxford, Mich., and Mrs. Lucy Ripley, of Chicago. Upon the eighteenth day of September, 1862, Mr. Wallace married Mrs. Jennie B. Rice. In 1869, they removed to the city of Ypsilanti. He still, however, made Saline village his place of business, and for several years visited it daily. His business, during his latter years, was extensive and varied. As a dealer in real estate both for himself and others; as agent for insurance companies, and as Notary Public he was prompt and attentive. For a long time the lending of money has been, perhaps, more remunerative than any other occupation. In this the testimony is clear that his practice was kind and accommodating.

His funeral occurred at Saline at the Presbyterian Church on Saturday, September 1st. He rests in the cemetery near that village. Many, very many, with sadness will miss him in his accustomed place.

SALINE, Sept. 3d, 1877. W. M. G.

The Final Victory.

BY WM. M. GREGORY.

"Oh happy they who passed away
From all earth's cares, and toils and fears,
Have found that never ending day,
Which knows no sinning and no tears."

Thus do we reason, thus decide;
Our hearts give sanction to the thought,
But those dark waters which divide
Us from our friends, we love them not,

We do not love to think of death
Though it the passage be to life;
We cherish rather the frail breath
That lengthens out our mortal strife.

We cannot die! We rather live
Amid the dark, cold storms of Time,
Yet in our ve.y soul's believe
Our friends are in a fairer clime.

Yes, they are happy in their home,
And we are sorrowing here below;
They stand and beckon us to come,
And still we shrink and fear to go.

Must it be ever thus, dear friend?
Shall unbelief have full control?
Is there no remedy, no end
Of this sad bondage of the soul?

Tis sin which gives to death its sting!
The Saviour can that sting destroy
And to the dying Christian give
The fullness of a perfect joy.

The grace to die comes not 'til death,
But then how wonderful its power;
Men long to yield their mortal breath;
Their latest is their happiest hour.

Visions of beauty fill their sight,
Loved voices call within the vail;
Who would not die if thus they might
O'er sin, and fear, and death prevail?

Dr. Shiloh's System Vitalizer.

We are authorized to guarantee this remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, inactive Liver, Sour Stomache, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of Food, Yellow Skin, and General Languor and Debility. You must acknowledge that this would be ruinous unless we had positive evidence that it will cure. You who are suffering from these complaints, these words are addressed—and will you continue to suffer when you can be cured on such terms? It is for you to determine. Sample bottles, 10 cents; regular size 75 cents. Sold by A. M. CALKINS and FRANK SMITH.

50,000 die annually by neglecting a cough, cold or croup, often leading to consumption and the grave. Why will you neglect so important a matter when you can get at our store Shiloh's Consumption Cure, with the assurance of a speedy recovery. For soreness across the chest or lungs or lame back or side, SHILOH'S POROUS PLASTER gives prompt relief. Sold by A. M. CALKINS and FRANK SMITH.

HACKMETACK, a popular and fragrant perfume. Sold by A. M. CALKINS and FRANK SMITH. 672

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Vital weakness or depression: a weak exhausted feeling, no energy or courage; the result of **mental over-work, indescretions or excesses,** or some drain upon the system, is always cured by **HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFIC No. 28.** It tones up and invigorates the system, dispels the gloom and despondency, imparts strength and energy, stops the drain and rejuvenates the entire man. Been used twenty years with perfect success by thousands. Sold by dealers. Price, $1.00 per single vial, or $5.00 per package of five vials, and $2.00 vial of powder. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address **HUMPHREY'S HOMEOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY,** 109 FULTON STREET, N. Y. 696

Local and Special Notices.

HAVING DISPOSED

Of the Pioneer Drug Store, all accounts must be settled at once. Call at C. Tinker's law office, over the store. 1w

SMOKE

LITTLE DOT, CONTINENTAL, or JUST OUT. Five cent cigars. Pure Havanna filled. At Guild's. 704

ROBBINS & SWEET

Have received their NEW FALL GOODS. 704

ROBBINS & SWEET

Have received a large stock of DRY GOODS and CLOTHING. A good opportunity to buy goods cheap. 704

REMEMBER

J. H. WORTLEY'S OPENING, Wednesday, Sept. 12th. Be sure and be there. 1w

CALL AND SEE

The New Dress Goods at ROBBINS & SWEET'S.

TO RENT.

A house on south side of Mill street, containing six rooms. All the usual CONVENIENCES. Inquire of

703 M. HOLBROOK.

THE NEW WHEELER & WILSON

Family Sewing Machine, No. 8 for sale at Robbins & Sweet's. Straight Needle. No Shuttle to thread. Simplest and easiest to handle. Runs easily, quietly and rapidly. Call and see it. 704

HOUSE TO RENT, ON FOREST AVE.

Apply to CHARLES SHIER,

702 No. 13 Adams St., Ypsilanti, Mich.

REMEMBER

J. H. WORTLEY'S OPENING, Wednesday, Sept. 12th. Be sure and be there. 1w

A HATEFUL HABIT:

Spitting and Hawking caused by Catarrh. A few bottles of Dr. S. D. Howe's Arabian Milk Cure will cure this loathsome disease, as well as Coughs and Colds. Sold by Frank Smith, druggist. Sole agent for Ypsilanti. 704-2w

C. S. W. BALDWIN, Dentist,

Rooms over Post Office, Ypsilanti, Mich. Hours 8 to 12 A. M., and 1 to 5 P. M. First-class Fillings. Best Plates, $15. All work warranted.

REMEMBER

J. H. WORTLEY'S OPENING, Wednesday, Sept. 12th. Be sure and be there. 1w

USE DR. S. D. HOWE'S ARABIAN TONIC BLOOD PURIFIER.

For Ulcers and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, Pustules, Pimples, Blotches, Boils, Tetter, Scaldhead, Ringworm, etc., the Arabian Tonic has never failed to effect a permanent cure. Try it and be convinced. Sold by Frank Smith, druggist. Sole agent for Ypsilanti. 704-2w

OF ALL THE HUNDREDS

Of thousands of bottles of Prof. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup sold during the last three years, no one has complained that it was ineffective. Price, 25 cts. Sold by Frank Smith. 704-1w

DR. S. D. HOWE'S ARABIAN LIVER PILLS

Are a far better and safer remedy for constipation, whether casual or habitual, than any other cathartic pill or potion ever administered to the human family. Sold by Frank Smith, druggist. Sole agent for Ypsilanti. 704-2w

The GREAT SHOSHONEES REMEDY

Is an Indian vegetable compound, composed of the juices of a variety of remarkable medicinal plants and herbs; the various properties of these different ingredients, when combined, is so constituted as to act simultaneously upon the Blood Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Digestive Organs, Nervous System, &c., restoring their functions to healthy action, and, being purely vegetable, is as harmless as Nature's own beverage. This medicine is a decided benefit in all, and a permanent cure in a large majority of diseases of the blood, such as Scrofula, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Canker, Pimples, &c. In prescribing this medicine we do not claim that it always performs cures; but this we do say, that it purifies and enriches the blood, permanently curing a large majority of diseases arising from its impurities. It stands far ahead and unequaled among the hundreds of competing medicines of the day. It has stood the test of ten years, and is to-day more popular than ever. As a summer restorative it stands unrivaled; it enables the system to bear up against the constant drain to which it is subjected by a high temperature. Persons who are subject to bilious Colic, Dysentery, Indigestion, &c., should take the Shoshonees Remedy. Price of the Remedy in pint bottles, $1; Pills, 25 cents a box.

Prepared only by FOSTER, MILBURN & CO., Buffalo, N. Y. Sold by all medicine dealers. 704-4w-alt

THE ANCIENTS PROCLAIMED

that the Mermaids, Nymphs, Naiads and the Graces, had long, flowing tresses which made them envied by their sisters of earth. But they arose out of the sea-foam, or bathed in fountains reached by no mortal hands, and kept their locks of DEWY SOFTNESS, DARK and LUSTROUS, and thus had no need of Ring's Vegetable Ambrosia, which is doing the same thing for thousand's of people in our day. 703-2w

NIJNE NOVGOROD FAIR.

The great market of the eastern world has been held at this junction of the Volga and Olga Rivers, in Russia, every summer for hundreds of years. Here the nations of Europe and Asia meet with their products for trade. Cossack, Chinese, Turk and Persian, meet the German and the Greek with every variety of merchandise that mankind employs, from sapphires to grindstones, tea, opium, fur, food, tools, and fabrics, and last but not the least, medicines. J. C. Ayer & Co.'s celebrated remedies from America were displayed in an elegant bazzar where the Doctor himself might sometimes be seen. They are known and taken on the steppes of Asia as well as the praries of the West, and are an effectual antidote for the diseases that prevail in the yaourts of the North as well as the huts and cabins of the western continent.—LINCOLN (ILL.) TIMES. 703

THOSE OYSTERS

At STELLE'S are fresh, fat, and splendid eating. Try them. Jenness block. 701

PATENT COLD SWEDGED SEWING MACHINE NEEDLES.

The only reliable sewing machine needles manufactured, and every one warranted, at

700 SAMSON'S.

LOST.

About July 10th, in the city of Ypsilanti, a promissory note, payable to M. Warner or bearer, of One Hundred dollars, signed by Geo. Smith. Dated June 26th, 1877. A liberal reward will be paid for return of same to FOLLETT & BRO.

Aug. 7th, 1877. 700.-4w

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For sale cheap. Call next door to the COMMERCIAL office.

BIBLES AND TESTAMENTS

Can be bought at cost at the depository kept by E. M. COMSTOCK & CO., for the American Bible Societ

C. LANG

Is carrying on the Hardware business north of John Boyce's shoe store. He sells Stoves, Tinware, etc. Repairing and job work in all its branches. If you wish anything in his line, call, and he will try to please you. 677

NOW IS THE TIME

To plant Verbenas, and other flowers in the garden. Persons wanting verbenas, geraniums, &c., should call at Mr. Laible's Green House. He has a splendid stock of them, and very cheap.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

I would call the attention of the public to the fact that my gallery is in good running order. Any persons wishing a good picture can get first-class work done at the usual rates. We are now making childrens pictures a SPECIALTY. Call and see specimens. Work enlarged and retouched equal to the best. We are making the "Oil Photo Miniature" in addition to the usual variety of work found in this business. Do not forget to call at the No. 1, Gallery—Post Block.

683 MRS. J. H. PARSONS.

YPSILANTI MARKETS.

Corrected weekly by W. H. YOST.

YPSILANTI, SEPT. 7th, 1877

APPLES—Dried, 5@6
BUCK FLOUR—$3.50@$5.00.
BEANS— $1 25 @1.50
BUTTER—18@16
CORN—50@55c per bu.
CHICKENS—Dressed 12@10c.
CHICKENS—Live, 5c.
DRESSED HOGS, $5.50@6.00
EGGS—Command 10@12c.
HAY—$8@10 per ton according to quality.
HIDES—5@5½c.
HONEY—In cap, 20c@00.
HAMS—11@12½c.
LARD—The market stands at 10½@ c.
ONIONS—$1.50@ $1.75 per bbl.
OATS, NEW, 23@25
PORK—In bbl.—$14.00@15.00
POTATOES—20@25
TIMOTHY SEED—$2.25@$0.00
TURKEYS—Live, 8c.
WHEAT, EXTRA—$1.32.
" No. 1 — 1.30.
" RED — 1.25.
BUCK WHEAT—$0.00.

"GOOD MORNING, JOHN; where did you get that suit?" "It is an old suit I got cleaned at Elliott's Cleaning Establishment, on Huron street." "Is that so? They look as good as new. I guess I will have mine cleaned. Where is the place, John?" "Opposite Jackson's blacksmith shop. Good day"

FOR SALE!

Lot Number 99 on the plot of Hunter's addition to Ypsilanti, Mich. Apply by letter to L. W. GOODENOW, Postmaster, Georgetown, Ontario, Canada. 697 3m

BATHS! BATHS!! BATHS!!!

Do you feel exhausted from this sultry weather? then go to McAndrew's bathing house on the river and have a swim or bath. Only ten cents. Swimming taught to ladies by an experienced teacher. Hours for ladies, 8 to 11 o'clock A. M., 2 to 5 o'clock P. M. 695

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BOOTS & SHOES

CANNOT DO BETTER

Than Examine our Stock

Bought for Cash

Prices Satisfactory.

HEWITT & CHAMPION.

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"THE SILENT FRIEND!"

A confidential Adviser for the young and middle aged of both sexes; on all Diseases of a **Private Nature,** arising from **Early Abuses or Infection,** Seminal Weakness, and Loss of Manhood, and the best means of cure; with valuable advice to the Married and those contemplating Marriage; including a treatise on **Female Diseases,** and Chronic Affections of the Throat, Lungs and Skin, Catarrh, Cancer, Rupture, Piles, Fistula, the Opium Habit &c. It contains 200 large pages and numerous engravings, mailed under seal on receipt of 50 cts.

A CLINICAL LECTURE on the above diseases, and the principles of medical practice in their treatment. Price 10 cts. Address, Attending Physician,

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No. 435 Water st., MILWAUKEE, Wis.

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75 Cts.

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Bring on your books, magazines, &c.

GOOD WORK AT REASONABLE RATES.

A. C. MILLER.

700

For Sale.

The Beautiful Residence

Of E. LAIBLE,

On East Forest Ave., Ypsilanti,

With beautiful grounds and shrubbery. Over 1000 forest trees adorn the premises. There are TEN ACRES of land.

Over 200 fine bearing Apple trees.
" 50 " Pear "
" 30 " Cherry trees.
" 50 " Peach "
" 20 " Plumb "
300 fine bearing Grapevines.

And large quantities of Raspberries, Strawberries, White and Red Currants, being altogether the finest suburban residence near this city or Detroit. It is within one hour's ride of Detroit on the Michigan Central Railroad. Six passenger trains daily going to and from Detroit. The house is only seven years old, and in fine order. Most modern in construction, with plate glass windows, and exceedingly convenient and roomy in arrangement. The house is lighted with gas. There are TWO GREENHOUSES, Gas house, Barns, &c., &c. This property, within two or three miles of Detroit, would be worth $75,000, can now be bought at the price of a very ordinary city house and lot, and could be conveniently occupied by a business man in Detroit with the railroad facilities of six trains per day, the fare being only $30 per quarter. Apply on the premises. 695

WAR IN EUROPE!

But you need not stay at home to watch your

TURKEYS

This season.

The Russian Bear

Is after Turkeys, but wont get here this year.

Nothing to hinder your coming right along to

Frank Smith's EMPORIUM

And getting the benefit of the beautiful assortment of

WALL PAPER,

and saving your money by buying at the present low prices.

Financially, the Emporium is hard up and strikes straight out for trade and touches bottom every time on prices.

Go early and look over the stock. No trouble to show it. The stock of Paints, Glass, Children's Carriages, Drugs, &c., &c., is complete. The best quality guaranteed, and prices always favor the buyer.

WALK IN.

GROCERIES,
CROCKERY,
GLASSWARE,
—AT—

EASTERLY'S.

Come One, Come All.

Teas cheap as the cheapest.—Good as the best in market.

☞ Butter and Eggs taken at all times in exchange. We pay the highest market price for Country Produce. ☜

Remember the place, Morse's Block, corner of Congress and Washington Streets.

W. H. EASTERLY. 656

SATURDAY MORNING'S

COMMERCIAL.

YPSILANTI, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877.

The Bourbons of Maine.

There is the Old Harry to pay among the Democrats of Maine. Their State platform contained not a single idea save a repetition of the stale outcry which denounces the election of President Hayes as "the most monstrous fraud recorded in history." But by some eccentric freak they nominated a candidate for Governor who had sense enough to see the stupidity of this vapid stuff. When Mr. Williams came to write his letter of acceptance, he declared that he did not interpret this expression as any impeachment of the President's title. If there was any fraud, he said, it was in the States and not in the action or within the review of the Electoral Commission.

This is the only rational ground even for those who insist that the election was fraudulent. The Commission itself cannot be successfully assailed. The Democrats united with the Republicans in creating it. They agreed to submit to its decision every question upon which it passed. It passed upon no question which the Democrats did not concede by the very act of submission was open to two constructions. Admitting this they left the matter to arbitration and took their chances. To denounce the tribunal which they themselves thus established is as puerile as it is impotent. The only course which sensible men could take was to swallow their disappointment and accept the result. They might recognize the Commission as acting within its own judgment of its duty, and still hold, if they thus believed, that there were frauds within the States which it could not review. This was the position taken by Mr. Williams and it is the only tenable position for the critics of the result.

But it has aroused a furious storm among the Democratic papers and representatives. Many of them denounce their candidate for Governor, while none defend him. The Bangor Commercial, which takes the lead in acrid opposition, embodies its scornful and wrathful indignation in an imaginary speech which it puts into the mouth of one of the old leaders of the party. "The Democrats of Maine," it tells Mr. Williams, "will never vote for any author of that 'most monstrous political fraud recorded in history,' nor for any indorsers of it. Strike that paragraph from your letter of acceptance or take at the polls on the tenth day of September the rebuke that you will both merit and receive." Mr. Williams is wiser than his party—which may be accounted for by the fact that until recently he was a Republican. He attempted to lift it up out of the slough in which it is sunk. But the Bourbons will not permit themselves to be lifted up. They prefer to go on in their old folly to their old fate.

The Alabama correspondent of the Chicago Inter-Ocean has furnished to that paper an astonishing statement. On August 6, a local election was held in Dallas county in the State named, and the telegraphic dispatches at the time reported that it was very quiet, and that the county, which in 1876 gave a Republican majority of 4,000, gave on that day a Democratic majority of 300. But the Inter-Ocean correspondent now makes these assertions: The whole vote polled August 6 was 7,653. The Democratic vote was 1,537, and the Republican 6,116, showing a clear Republican majority of 4,579. In 1876 the Republican vote for governor was 6,300, and the Democratic 1,613. It will be seen that each party cast almost a full vote August 6, the Republicans losing 184 votes, and the Democrats 76 votes, as compared with the vote for governor in 1876. The Democratic canvassers of the vote threw out five precincts on the ground that no statements were in the boxes, and made a report declaring that the Democratic candidates had received 3,605 votes and the Republican 3,054 votes; Democratic majority, 551.

It is a curious fact that the democratic party is naturally and everywhere hostile to laws designed to secure the purity of elections. Liberty to vote early and often without restraint or examinations of legal qualifications appears to be their idea of political freedom. The party is notorious for its hostility to registration laws of every kind, and we question if there is an instance on record of a democratic State government passing any law framed to prevent from voting those who have no right to vote. Again and again in various States their party platforms have denounced registration laws. The idea of guarding the ballot-box from fraud is as offensive to them as a red rag is to a bull. Ohio has a very simple and liberal registration law, which if enforced in the strictest way would not do injustice to a mortal of its population. But the late democratic State convention thought fit to demand its repeal, "because it is burdensome and oppressive, and discriminates unjustly against the poorer class of voters." And the Hamilton county democratic convention last week resolved "that, we denounce the registry law passed by the republican legislature at its last session as being in many of its provisions unwise and unjust, and antagonistic to the spirit of free government; and more particularly are we opposed to it inasmuch as it disfranchises any citizen from holding the office of judge of election who is not a freeholder, and we demand its repeal." It was in Cincinnati, it will be remembered, that the democrats carried the elections last fall by an importation of repeaters from Chicago, Philadelphia, Indianapolis and other cities, who went about in organized bands under direction of party workers, voting in different precincts from one to fifty times. This isn't a charge; it is matter of evidence and confession since made public through prosecutions in the courts. Of course the engineers of such villany are opposed to any registry law, particularly one that secures that the judges of election shall be respectable citizens.

The pith of the Democratic platform in Pennsylvania is: First, Rutherford B. Hayes is a fraud; second, Rutherford B. Hayes is a Democrat. Undoubtedly these two propositions are logical complements of each other, but one would hardly expect an assemblage of Democrats to admit it.

The Georgia Constitution.

The following dispatch was sent from Atlanta to the Cincinnati Enquirer (Dem.) upon the completion of the sessions of the Georgia Constitutional Convention. We give it as an account from a friendly source of what was done.

In the bill of rights the convention struck out the word "rebel," which was used in a stagmatizing sense of the old constitution. An attempt to insert a clause declaring the State sovereign and possessing the right to change its form of government at will was voted down decisively, ex-Senator Hill leading the objectors to it. The Constitution of the United States is in terms recognized as the supreme law.

The negro vote is protected in its fullest rights and privileges. It is prescribed that the social status of the citizen shall never be the subject of legislation. The whipping-post and imprisonment for debt are prohibited. All laws are made to operate on all races alike. The public school system, by which 96,000 colored children are educated annually with white taxes, the negroes paying hardly enough to school 5,000 children, is continued with increased appropriations. In all details of franchise or public justice the negro is zealously protected, and the negroes, perfectly satisfied with the constitution, will hold a ratification meeting in this city next week.

The convention was governed throughout with a spirit of retrenchment that resulted in cutting off $282,000 per annum of expenses. Every salary in the State was reduced. The Governor is whittled down to $3,000, the Supreme Court judges to $2,500, the Superior Court judges to $2,000, the treasurer, attorney general, and controller to $2,000, without perquisites. The legislature per diem is reduced from $7 to $4, and biennial sessions are ordered instead of annual sessions. The appropriation for executive clerks is about halved, and everything else is retrenched in proportion.

A general movement toward popular elections was noticeable. The Governor was stripped of his appointing power, and his cabinet is hereafter to be elected by the people in direct vote. The Supreme and the Superior Court judges, formerly appointed by him, are to be elected by the Legislature, composed of over 200 members. The terms of all the officers from the Governor down are cut from four years to two.

All the anti-railroad measures were passed by large majorities. It was prescribed that the State should never more grant a perpetual charter containing any special privileges or immunities to any corporation; and, further, that the Legislature should fix a freight and passenger tariff for the roads, which should be uniform and fixed at so much per mile. The ordinance prohibits the slightest sort of discrimination, and the price of all freight carriage can be reached by multiplying the number of miles by the rate per mile.

The convention passed strict laws against dueling, making it a felony to accept, send or carry a challenge. The State is prohibited from lending its aid to any sort of enterprise or indorsing the bonds of any company. Lobbying is made a crime. The question of reducing the homestead exemption from $3,000 to $1,500 is left to a vote of the people, as is also the question of removing the capital from Atlanta back to Milledgeville, whence it was removed by the Bullock government. The constitution will be submitted for ratification on the second Wednesday in December.

The English Labor Market.

A despatch has been received at the department of State from the United States Consul at Liverpool, referring to the fact that thirty-five joiners have recently landed at that port for Manchester, under a contract to work at their trades for a given number of months. These men were brought over to take the place of the English joiners, who were on a strike for higher wages. Referring to the landing of American mechanics under contract, and to the publised statements in some American newspapers that fewer men are out of employment in England than in the United States, the Consul solemnly warns our mechanics against the danger of putting these statements to the test. These reports have induced many American mechanics to leave the country to better their condition and the result has been a large amount of suffering and destitution. To avoid any further augmentation of their suffering, the Consul requests that public warning be given to American workmen not to go to England unless under positive contract. Able-bodied American workmen are calling upon the Consul daily for relief. These men are greatly disappointed when they learn that Consuls have no funds for such relief purposes. Under these circumstances, the Consul deems it his duty to inform the State Department that neither skilled or unskilled workmen who came from abroad can find employment in England.

LOTS of work to be had in the South, now-a-days. The New Orleans Times declares that reborts from all sections of Louigiana declare the fact that throughout the sugar and cotton growing areas the planters are unable to get their full complements of hands. And it may interest the army of the unemployed at the North to know that the scarcity of help is not so much immediate as prospective. "In another month," says the Times, "cotton will become fully matured, picking will commence, and it is now estimated that one-third of the crop will be lost by rotting in the fields, because there are not hands enough to harvest it." In relation to this want the Times maked a suggestion that Northern harvesters whose work is finished the latter part of this month, come to Lovisiana and work in cotton through September, and in cane the two following months. Here is an opening for the energetic idle which is worth considering.

The fountain of the sculptor Bartholdi, which was so much admired last year in the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia, has been bought by the United States Government, and is to be placed in the grounds surrounding the Capitol at Washington.

BRIGHAM YOUNG.

SOME INTERESTING PASSAGES OF HIS LIFE.

We copy the following interesting paragraphs concerning Brigham Young from various exchanges:

BRIGHAM IN ENGLAND.

In 1839 Brigham Young departed with a company of Apostles and elders to "open up the Gospel" to the inhabitants of Great Britain. He landed at Liverpool on the 6th of April, 1840, and commenced preaching. He published an edition of the Book of Mormon, and established The Millenial Star, a periodical still living. Ever since the chief publication establishment for Mormon works has been in England, the largest depository of church funds has been the Bank of England. In 1841 Young sailed for New York, having shipped 769 converts in advance and founded many churches.

HOW BRIGHAM SECURED THE PRESIDENCY.

The Saints had (in 1839) settled in Commerce, Ill., which Smith styled Nauvoo. Here Smith began to have ideas of temporal sovereignty; organized the Nauvoo Legion; set up the doctrine of spiritual wifehood; began the temple, and announced himself as a candidate for the Presidency. In 1842 Porter Rockwell, one of the "Danites," shot at Governor Boggs, of Missouri, it was thought with Smith's connivance, and there was a general unwholesome state of feeling between the Mormons and Missourians, the latter accusing the former of all sorts of crime. June 27, 1844, a mob of Missourians took Joseph Smith and his brother Hiram from the jail at Carthage, Ill., where they were under arrest, and shot them. Brigham was then in Boston, the Apostles scattered, the people of Illinois in arms, Nauvoo in danger and the church almost dismembered. Sidney Rigdon, rightful successor of Smith by Mormon law, assumed the Presidency and began to prophesy and endow after Smith's fashion. Brigham sped to Nauvoo, called together the people and the quorum, avowed his right and determination to be head of the church, and took the Presidency. In the words of an enemy and an apostate, he "ran Sidney Rigdon into the earth completely, broke up his organization, denounced his revelations as from the devil, crushed his influence, cut off himself and his adherents, cursed him, handed him over to the buffetings of Satan for a thousand years, and was chosen President by an overwhelming majority. Four claimants to Smith's position appeared, and each had his followers among the people. Brigham aimed at the most prominent. His energy intimidated those whom it did not cut off. He saved the system and achieved his own triumph.

HOW BRIGHAM LED THE FAITHFUL TO THE LAND OF PROMISE.

This journey and the difficult days of their incipient colony sealed the Mormons to Brigham forever. Everything depended upon him, and he was adequate to everything. The colony was starving, naked, gloomy, despairing. They began to complain, to give up, to become apathetic. Says Elder John Hyde, who does not admire him: "He quelled everything, scolded, pleaded, threatened, prophesied and subdued them. With a restless but resistless energy he set them to work and worked himself as their example. He directed their labors, controlled their domestic affairs, preached at them, to them, for them. He told foolish anecdotes to make them laugh, encouraged their dancing to make them merry, got up theatrical performances to distract their minds, and make them work hard, certain of that rendering them contented by and by. Feared with a stronger fear, venerated with a more rational veneration, but not loved with the same clinging tenderness that the people still felt for Joseph Smith, Brigham swayed them at his will. They learned to dread his iron hand, and was daunted by his iron heart." Thus was the colony of the Desert the Territory of Utah, the Church of the Latter Day Saints, founded—the work of one man, but that man the greatest in his order since Mahomet.

HOW BRIGHAM ESTABLISHED POLYGAMY.

The institution of polygamy may be said to be of Brigham Young's own establishment. It is true the first revelation sanctioning it came to Joseph Smith and the prophet preached the new doctrine of plurality, but this was done in a furtive kind of way, with many denials to calm the rising anger of the surrounding Gentiles and many of the Mormons. The revelation is said to have been first given at Nauvoo, in 1843. The details were made publicly, repeatedly, and with all possible solemnity over the signatures of Smith and his chief associates. It was not until the Mormons were firmly established in Utah that Brigham ventured to proclaim to the world what had been for nine years the most characteristic, although esoteric, doctrine of the church. The disclosure was made at a meeting of the Saints in September, 1852. "You heard Brother Pratt state this morning," said Brigham, "that a revelation would be read this afternood which was given previous to Joseph's death. It contains a doctrine a small part of the world is opposed to, but I can deliver a prophecy upon it. Though that doctrine has not been preached by the elders, this people have believed in it for years. The revelation will be read to you. The principle spoken upon by Brother Pratt this morning we believe in. Many others are of the same mind. They are ignorant of what we are doing in our social capacity. They have cried out, 'Prociaim it!' but it would not do a few years ago; everything must come in its time, as there is a time for all things. I am now ready to proclaim it. This revelation has been in my possession for many years, and who has known it? None but those who should know it." Then the revelation was read. It is long, verbose and ridiculous. The important section is the following:

If any man espouse a virgin, and desires to espouse another, and the first give her consent [Note: the next section lays a heavy punishment upon any wife who refuses her consent], and if he espouse the second, and they are virgins and have vowed to no other man, then is he justified; he cannot commit adultery, for they are given unto him, for he cannot commit adultery with that that belongeth unto him and to none else; and if he have ten virgins given unto him by this law he cannot commit adultery, for they belong to him and are given unto him; therefore is he justified. They are given unto him to multiply and replenish the earth, according to my commandment.

The revelation made a tremendous stir among the Gentiles, and for a while broke up numbers of the missions in England and the States, but the Mormons in Utah were well prepared for it. Brigham himself had long been a polygamist. His first wife was Mary Ann Angell. His second, Lucy Decker Seeley, he married in Nauvoo, and his third while in winter quarters in Nebraska, and as soon as he got his people established in Utah, he urged all Mormons, and especially the bishops, apostles and elders, to follow his example. Polygamy became general, and a supply of women was obtained from the converts in England, Wales, Denmark, and other countries, who were usually of the ignorant peasant class, and were told nothing of the peculiar institution of Utah until they arrived there. From being permitted to the Saints, polygamy came to be enjoined, and Brigham promulgated a revelation to the effect that the men who had great numbers of wives and children would have the highest glory and authority in heaven.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.

Salt Lake Dispatch to Chicago Times.

The most common opinion of the future of the church current among the best informed Mormons is that the twelve will assume the leadership of the church and that no president is likely to be immediately chosen. This course is in harmony with the church theory, but it is doubtful how a machine which has been completely under the supervision of one man could manage to survive under the divided counsel likely to prevail in an apostolic government. There is no doubt that there will be plenty of pretenders, but it is conceded that no man living can hold the sceptre that Brigham has just laid down with anything of his firm and autocrat grasp. The twelve apostles are John Taylor, Orson Pratt, Orson Hyde, Wilfred Woodruff, Erastus Snow, George Q. Cannon, Lorenzo Snow, Charles C. Rich, Franklin D. Richards, Brigham Young Jr., F. Smith, Albert Carrington. John W. Young and Daniel H. Wells are counselors to the first President. Daniel H. Wells has not been much canvassed in connection with the leadership, but there are some Mormons who think him the man for the place above all others. He is an unselfish man, a true churchman, and a man of ability and integrity. He has been a faithful servant of the church from the earliest days. He is poor, but the same thing is true of most of the apostles.

TENETS OF THE MORMON CHURCH.

"The priesthood of the Mormon church is organized into the following quorums: The first presidency, the twelve apostles, the high council, the seventies, high priests, elders, priests, teachers and deacons. They preside over and direct the affairs of the whole church. The twelve apostles constitute a traveling presiding high council. The whole hierarch is divided into two bodies, the Melchizedek priesthood and the Aaronic priesthood. To the former, which is the highest, belong the offices of apostle, seventy, patriarch, high priest and elder. The Aaronic priesthood includes the offices of bishop, priest, teacher and deacon, and can be held only by 'literal descendants of Aaron,' who are designated as such by revelation. The Mormon church teaches there are many gods, and that eminent saints become gods in heaven, and rise one above another in power and glory to infinity. Joseph Smith is now the god of this generation. His superior God is Jesus, whose superior god and father is Adam. Above Adam is Jehovah, and above Jehovah is Elohim. All of these Gods have many wives, and they all rule over their own descendants, who are constantly increasing in number and dominion. The glory of a saint when he becomes a god depends in some degree on the number of his wives and children, ahd therefore polygamy is inculcated and wives are 'sealed' to saints here on earth to augment their power in the heavens. The gods are in the form of men, and they are the fathers of the souls of men in this world. The ten commandments are considered the rule of life, together with a revelation given to Joseph Smith, February 27, 1833, which is called 'A Word of Wisdom.' It teaches that it is not good to drink wine or strong drinks, excepting in the sacrament of the Lord's supper, and then it should be home made grape wine; that it is not good to drink hot drinks, or chew or smoke tobacco; that strong drinks are for the washing of the body, and that tobacco is an herb for bruises and sick cattle; that herbs and fruits are for the food of man; that grain is for the food of man and beasts and fowls; and that flesh is not to be eaten by man excepting in times of winter, cold and famine. This 'Word of Wisdom,' however, is not regarded precisely as a commandment, but as a revelation to show forth the will of God, and 'suited to the condition of all saints, young and old, male and female, without distinction.' Infant baptism is condemned, but the children of the saints are considered old enough at eight years to be baptized.

Baptism for the dead is practiced, a living person being publicly baptized as the representative of one or more deceased persons. Washington, Franklin and other famous men have thus been vicariously baptized into the church."

GOSSIP.

Salt Lake Dispatch to Chicago Journal.

Young's estate is valued at from $6,000,000 to $7,000,000. He owned large tracts of real estate, besides a controlling interest in the street railroads, the Utah Central and Utah Southern lines, the Deseret Bank, the Deseret Telegraph Company, and the Zion Mercantile Institution. In reply to Ann Eliza's bill for divorce he made oath that his monthly income would not exceed $6,000. He had previously distributed a considerable amount of property among his children. A clause in the will directs that Brigham shall be buried in a rosewood coffin three inches wider than his body, so that if he had a disposition to turn over he might do so; that he be laid on a cotton mattress; that his body be borne to the grave on a bier, and be buried in a stone vault, a stone slab to be placed over the top. He requests that none of the male members of the family should wear crape or emblems of mourning, and that the females should not purchase mourning dresses, though they might wear such if they had them. The funeral services will be held in the great tabernacle on Sunday, at noon, where his body will be borne. A prayer will be previously said in the Lion House. There will be a great assemblage. Extra trains will be run on all the railroads, and the saints will come up from all parts of the country within reach.

Marshal Bazaine.

A story has been made public in some of the English papers, and has been telegraphed to this country, to the effect that the Turkish general Osman Pasha, who commands the Turkish army operating on the Russian right, and who defeated the Russians in the important battle of Plevna, is none other than the celebrated French marshal, the leader of the French troops in Mexico, and the commander of the army which surrendered at Metz in 1870, Bazaine. The story sounds more like romance than reality, and yet the mysterious disappearance of Marshal Bazaine, and the absence of any kuowledge as to the antecedents and history of Osman Pasha, leave a possibility for its truth. The story revives an interest in the romantic career of one of the most remarkable soldiers of the second empire.

Bazaine was born at Versailles in 1811, and entered the army as a private, by his own choice in 1831. His first campaigns were in Africa. From 1835 to 1838 he was in Spain; from 1840 to 1854 again in Africa; from 1854 to 1857 in the Crimea; then two years in Italy; six years in Mexico; again in Africa; and then in the Franco German war. He rose from private through all the intermediate grades to the rank of Marshal (1864) and was one of Louis Napoleon's favorites. He was continuously in the service of France for thirty-five years, and participated in thirty-two military campaigns. He was one of the most trusted and most experienced soldiers of France, and at the time of the Franco-Prussian war was to have commanded one of the two armies of invasion. But when the Emperor took the field in person, Bazaine was given the command of a corps. After the defeat of Marshal MacMahon; Bazaine succeeded to the command of the army of the Rhine. This was on the 16th of August, 1870. From that date the conduct of the campaign was peculiar, and on the 27th of October Marshal Bazaine surrendered Metz, an army of 160,000 men, and 1,800 pieces of artillery.

For this offense Bazaine was tried in 1873. He had aggravated it by refusing to recognize the republican government at Paris, holding that with the overthrow of the empire all government was wiped out. He was accused of intriguing in behalf of Napoleon III., and of treason to France. The specific charge on which he was tried was, however, that of having capitulated to the enemy without having exhausted all the means of defense, was found guilty and sentenced to be degraded and shot. The sentence was commuted by President MacMahon to imprisonment for twenty years without military degradation. His prison was on the Isle St. Marguerite, and he remained their until August 9, 1874, when, aided by his wife, he escaped. The escape was planned and carried out by Mme. Bazaine, who was the junior of the Marshal by more than twenty years. The apartments occupied by the Marshal opened upon a terrace, which was built upon a precipitous cliff overhanging the sea. Although a sentry was placed upon this terrace, the Marshal gained the edge of the precipice on the night of Aug. 9, and descended by a knotted rope to a boat in which was his wife. Mme. Bazaine, taking the oars herself, rowed directly to a steamer lying in wait, and the two went to Cologne, where they awaited the arrival of their children. The Marshal wrote a letter to the French Secretary of War stating that he would not have attempted to escape but for the humiliating condition of his imprisonment, and taking the position that his trial was not rightly conducted, as the members of the court were not his peers.

For more than two years Marshal Bazaine has totally disappeared, and it is this disappearance that gives an air of possibility at least to the story of his being the Turkish general, without a history, now known as Osman Pasha. The story needs confirmation, but if it should prove true it would add another remarkable episode to a career already the most romantic of any French soldier since the marshals of the great Napoleon.

A special dispatch gives the following account of Brigham Young's last illness:

"Brigham Young was attacked with cholera morbus on Thursday night, superinducing inflammation of the bowels, followed by continued swelling, and respiration was stopped. He was conscious, but only briefly answered questions during the last fortyeight hours. His death produced much less excitement, except among the members of the highest priesthood, than was expected. Brigham's trouble was occasioned by indigestion, consequent upon a meal eaten imprudently on a day of extreme heat. On Monday his condition was precarious, but the fact was kept secret until Tuesday by Brigham's physician. His nephew called in the most trusted Gentile physician in Salt Lake City when Young became unconscious. This physician's advice was adopted. The Mormon policy of the laying on of hands was adhered to until death ensued."

A simple-minded and ignorant but devout Methodist in Barkhamstead, who has been licensed to preach, was holding forth to a crowd in Hartford, the other day, when somebody asked what kind of a minister he called himself. "I'm a regular licentious preacher," answered he. "Just the same as Mr. ——, or Mr. ——," naming several exhorters well known in those parts. "I'm licentious just like they be."

The next best thing to understanding the whole subject, is to be aware of our ignorance when we do not understand it.

The Season of Cheap Food.

Already, as we have shown, food and clothing have on the average gone back to ante-war prices, and as compared with 20 years ago the wages of labor are higher than the cost of victual and raiment. Still, it is undoubtedly true that working people are not as a rule doing as well now as then, and are neither contented nor saving so much money. Aside from the temporary distress of the want of employment by large classes, the increased difficulty of this generation over the former in making both ends meet lies in the pregnant fact that everybody is living better now than then—that the entire range of society has experienced an increase of wants and necessities in the way of comforts; that in brief the whole scale of living has greatly advanced.

No family that can go back 25 years and make a contrast of its habits then and at present will fail to be almost startled with the changes in these respects. A greater variety of food, a greater variety of clothing, a greater variety of amusements, and larger means of education, are in order—the whole scale of social civilization and habit has been pushed forward into new domains. No study either of the labor or of the social question is intelligent, that does not make chief account of this revolution. No analysis of the wage question can stand that does not recognize both the fact of its existence and the necessity of its continuance.

This increase in the comforts of existence is the gift of machinery and the great agencies of communication, in cheapening production and multiplying the means of grace to body and mind. What were luxuries a quarter of a century ago, are practical necessities now. Conveniences and indulgences then rarely attainable or totally unknown, have become a part of our essential daily comfort, and we cannot put back the elements of life to the old standards, and we should not try to. We can study and teach how to get the most of all our new blessings at the lowest possible cost. And this is not only the philanthropy, but the necessity, of our day.

Canned Goods.

From the New York Bulletin.

The one branch of trade that is making rapid progress is that of canned goods. It extends now from the Passamaquoddy Bay to the Golden Gate, and from the Lake of the Woods to the Rio Grande, and it already seems to embrace nearly every esculent in common use. Upon the Columbia river, in Oregon, there are twenty-nine firms engaged in the busines of canning salmon, several firms in Texas have considerable capital employed in the business of canning turtles. New Orleans cans shrimps. Virginia cans oysters. New England cans almost every uegetable known; and all the rest of the country cans many of the articles here spoken of and numerous others. The latest enterprise in the trade, says the Boston Commercial Bulletin, is the canning of Boston baked beans; and it would appear, therefore, as if there were few new discoveries to be made in this direction. But the heights and depths of human ingenuity cannot be gauged or sounded. In Boston there are several heavy firms engaged in the business of canning and pickling fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables. In most cases their materials are contracted for, and the price fixed at the commencement of the season, in the same manner that the "pickles" (small cucumbers) have been engaged from the farmers in Eastern Massachusetts for the past quarter of a century. The business of putting up pickles is one of the adjuncts of all the firms referred to in this city, and last spring they probably contracted with the farmers of New England for the products of several hundred acres which have been planted but are yet to be delivered this season. The price agreed upon for this year was about a dollar a thousand when delivered at the factories."

Wages and Prices.

The International Review contains an article by Mr. Grosvenor on "The Communists and the Railways," which embraces many facts of special interest and value at this time. For the present we concern ourselves with only one of its numerous points.

The author collates the wholesale prices of the leading articles which enter into general consumption, and compares them with the standard of wages. "If an engineer," he says in summing up, "had bought precisely his proportion per capita of each article on the first of May 1860, expending $61.55, or about one month's wages, a like quantity of each article would have cost him at New York, wholesale prices, on the first of January 1877, only 65.76, and yet his wages have advanced from $60 to 91.66 per month. The same quantities and articles which he could buy for $81,43 in 1873, he could buy in January last for $65.76, and yet we are told that men who lived comfortably and without complaint on $100 in 1873 are utterly unable to live on $90 in 1877 and are starving.

In other words, while wages are very much higher than before the war, the prices of articles which go far to make up the cost of living are down almost to the figure of 1860, and while the wages of railroad men fell in the recent reduction only ten per cent. below the highest rate of 1873, prices have meanwhile fallen twenty per cent. Of course these are wholesale prices. Retail prices have not gone down in a corresponding measure. The great body of consumers do not gain the full benefit of this reduction. But, as justly observed by Mr. Grosvenor, this is measurably due to the fact that, so long as their wages are not lowered, they make no effort to purchase at lower figures. The matter is largely within their own control. By co-operation or by other means they could secure the advantage of the general reduction. The essential fact is that the standard prices have fallen more than the general average of wages.

Catching a tartar,—Governess: "Do you know, Ernest, that I heard of a little boy not older than you who can read and write well, and who has begun Latin." Ernest; "Oh, I say, what a jolly good teacher he must have!"—[Punch.

"Clothes cleaned and repaired in the ear," is a New York sign.

That Colorado Beetle.

Vat is that schwirring though the air,
  Vat gaps and stirs the people?
Vat run they here, vat run they there,
  Vat clang the bells in tower und steeple,
Vat clamor young, vat clamor old,
  Vat clamor big und leetle?
Alas! they clamor all, "Behold!
  That Colorado Beetle!"

For endless streams of burghers, armed
  Mit pick, und spade, und hoe,
Had ramparts raised in circle charmed
  Around the dreaded foe;
Had waged a rathless war amain
  With napha, benzoline,
But flames und smoke were all in vain—
  They'd got no Paris Green!

Und high above the battle's fray,
  O'er ditch und rampart dug,
They saw it wing its airy way—
  That Colorado Bug!
And now a thousand dollars be
  In hard cash the reward,
For proof an't be a HE or SHE,
  That Colorado Fraud!

—[London Examiner.

HOOKING WATER-MELONS.

From Scribner's Magazine for September.

The train slackened, a brakeman thrust his head in at the door and shouted "Bah,"—a mysterious formality observed on American trains, as they enter towns,—and an elderly lady, two drummers, and a youngman with a satchel got out, followed by the languid envy of the other passengers, who had longer or shorter penances of heat and dust before them. The train got under way again, while the knot of loafers about the station proceeded to eye the arrivals as judicially as if they were a committee of safety to protect the city from invasion by doubtful characters. The old lady, apparently laboring under some such impression, regarded them deferentially, as nervous travelers on arriving in strange places generally do regard everybody who seems to feel at home. The drummers briskly disappeared down the main street, each anxious to anticipate the other at the stores. The young man with the satchel, however, didn't get away till he had shaken hands, and exchanged a few good-natured inquiries with one of the loungers.

"Who's that, Bill?" asked one of the group, staring after the retreating figure with lazy curiosity.

"Why, didn't you know him? Thought everybody knew him. That's Arthur Steele," replied the one who had shaken hands in a tone of cordiality indicating that his politeness had left a pleasant impression on his mind, as Arthur Steele's politeness generally did.

"Who is he, anyhow?" pursued the other.

"Why, he's a Fairfield boy," (the brakeman pronounced it "Bah") "born and brought up here. His folks allers lived right next to mine, and now he's doin' a rushin' lawyer trade down New York, and I expect he's just rakin' the stamps. Did yer see that diamond pin he wore?"

"S'pose it's genooine?" asked a third loafer, with interest.

"Course it was. I tell you he's on the make, and don't you forgit it. Some fellers allers has luck. Many's the time he 'n' I've been in swimmin' and hookin' apples together when we wuz little chaps," pursued Bill in a tone implying a mild reproach at the deceitfulness of an analogy that after such fair promise in early life had failed to complete itself in their later fortunes.

"Why, darn it all, you know him, Jim," he continued, dropping the tone of pensive reminiscence into which he had momentarily allowed himself to fall. "That pretty gal that sings in the Baptis' choir is his sister."

After a space of silent rumination and jerking of peanut shells upon the track, the group broke up its session and adjourned by tacit understanding till the next train was due.

Arthur Steele was half an hour in getting to his father's house, because everybody he met on the street insisted on shaking hands with him. Everybody in Fairfield had known him since he was a boy, and had seen him grow up, and all were proud of him as a credit to the village and one of its most successful representatives in the big outside world. The latched door stood open, and, hearing voices, he tip-toed across the floor with a guileful smile and, leaning through the doorway, saw his mother and sister sitting by the cool, lilac-shaded window, picking over currants for tea, and talking tranquilly. Being a provident young man, he paused a minute to let the pretty peaceful scene impress itself upon his mind, to be remembered afterward for the cheer of bleak boarding-house Sunday afternoons. Then there was a sudden glancing up, a cry of joyful consternation, and the pan of currants rolled from Amy's lap like a broken necklace of rubies across the uncarpeted floor, while Arthur held mother and sister in a double embrace. And when at length the kissing had all been done, he established himself in his familiar boyish attitude on the window-seat, kicking his heels against the mop-board; with his elbows on his knees, and the three talked away steadily till the shop bell rang, and Mrs. Steele sprang up in a panic, exclaiming: "Father will be here in five minutes and the currants are on the floor. Come, Amy, quick; we must pick some more and you shall help, Arthur."

But though he went out into the garden with them readily enough, it was quite another thing to make him pick currants, for he insisted on wandering all over the place and demanding what had become of everything he missed, and the history of everything new. And pretty soon Mr. Steele also appeared in the garden, having found no one in the house on arriving home. He had learned on the street that Arthur had arrived and came out beaming. It was good to see the hearty affection with which the two shook hands.

The transition of the son from the pupilage of childhood and youth to the independence of manhood is often trying to the filial relation. Neither party fully realizes that the old relation is at an end, or just what the new basis is, or when the change takes place. The absence of the son for two or three years at this period has often the best results. He goes a boy and returns a man; the old relation is forgotten by both parties and they readily fall into the new one. So it had fared with Arthur and his father.

"You've got a splendid lot of water-melons," said the former as they arrived at the upper end of the ample garden in their tour of inspection.

"Yes," replied Mr. Steel with a shrug; "only thus far they've been stolen a little faster than they've ripened."

"What made you plant them so near the fence?"

"That was my blunder; but you see the soil is just the thing, better than lower down."

"Why don't you buy a bull-dog?"

"I think it's more Christian to shoot a man outright than to set one of those devils on him. The breed ought to be extirpated."

"Put some ipecac in one or two. That'll fetch 'em. I know how sick it made me once."

"I did; but more were stolen next night. I can't afford to medicate the whole village. Last night I sat up to watch till twelve o'clock, when mother made me go to bed."

"I'll watch to-night," said Arthur, "and give 'em a lesson with a good load of beans from the old shot-gun."

"It wouldn't pay," replied his father. "I concluded last night that all the melons in the world weren't worth a night's sleep. They'll have to go, and next year I'll know more than to plant any."

"You go and help Amy pick currants, and let me talk to the boy a little," said Mrs. Steele, coming up and taking Arthur off for a promenade up the broad path.

"How pretty Amy has grown," aid he, glancing with a pleased mile at the girl as she looked up at her father. "I suppose the young men are making sheep's eyes at her already."

"It doesn't do them any good if they are," said Mrs. Steele, decisively. "She's only sixteen and a little girl yet, and has sense enough to know it."

"What had she been crying for when I arrived? I saw her eyes were as red as the currants."

"Oh, dear!" replied Mrs. Steele, with a sign of vexation, "it was her troubles at the seminary. You know we let her go as a day scholar this summer. Some of the girls slight and snub her, and she is very unhappy about it."

"Why, what on earth can anybody have against Amy?" demanded Arthur in indignant surprise.

"I suppose it's because some of the little hussies from the city have taken the notion that they wont associate with a mechanic's daughter, although Amy is very careful not to say it in so many words, for fear of hurting my feelings. But I suspect that's about where the shoe pinches."

Arthur mentioned something between an oath and a grunt, expressing the emphasis of the one and the disgust of the other.

"I tell Amy it is foolish to mind their airs, but I'm really afraid it spoils the poor girl's happiness."

The trouble to-night was, that Lina Maynard, who is one of the older girls, has invited nearly everybody at the seminary except Amy to a birthday party to-morrow. Little minx, I could shake her. And the worst of it is, Amy thinks there's nobody like Lina Maynard."

After tea it was still light, and Arthur and Amy went out to walk.

Soon they came face to face with a party of girls coming from the direction of the seminary.

There were six or seven of them, perhaps, but Arthur only got the impression of one and a lot of others. The one was a rather tall girl of lithe figure and unusually fine carriage. Her olive complexion was lighted with graat black eyes that rested on you with an air of imperturbable assurance, as penetrating as it was negligent. She was talking, and her companions were listening and laughing. As they came face to face with Arthur and Amy, he saw that they barely noticed her, while glancing at him rather curiously, with the boldness of girls in a crowd of their own sex. They evidently observed that he was a stranger to the village, and of quite a different style from that of the country bumpkins and rural exquisites they were accustomed to meeting. There wae in the big black eyes as they had met his a moment, a suggestion of interest that was strangely flattering, and left a trace of not unpleasant agitation.

"Who was that?" he asked, as they passed out of hearing.

He only thought of asking for one, although there were six, nor she apparently of answering differently.

"Lina Maynard. They are 'Sem.' girls."

It was a dulled voice she spoke in, quite unlike her usual eager way of giving information. She, poor thing, was terribly afraid he would ask her why they did not seem acquainted with her, and it would have been a painful humiliation to have explained. Arthur was conscious that he no longer had exactly the same feeling of merely contemptuous annoyance toward Lina Maynard, on account of her treatment of Amy. He sympathized as much with his sister, of course, but somehow felt that to be recognized by Lina Maynard was not such a childish ambition as he had taken for granted.

It was dusk when they reached home, and found Mr. and Mrs. Steele on the piazza, which served as an out door parlor in summer, with a neighbor who had dropped in to see Arthur. So he got out his cigar case and told stories of city life and interesting law cases to an intent audience till the nine o'clock bell rang, and the neighbor "guessed he'd go home," and forthwith proved that his guess was right by going.

"'Gad, I'd forgotten all about the water-melons! Perhaps they're at 'em already," cried Arthur, jumping up and running around the end of the piazza to the garden.

When he returned, it was to meet a combined volley of protestations against his foolish project of keeping watch all night, from his father, his mother and Amy. But he declared it was no use talking; and where were the gun and the beans? So they adjourned from the piazza, a lamp was lit, the articles were hunted up, and the gun duly loaded wiih a good charge of powder and a pint of hard beans. It was about ten o'clock when Arthur, with a parting protest from his mother, went out into the garden, lugging his gun and a big easy-chair, while Amy followed, bringing one or two wraps, and a shocking old overcoat hunted up in the garret, for the chill hours after midnight.

The front of Mr. Steele's lot abutted on one of the pleasantest and most thickly housed streets of the village; but the lot was deep, and the rear end rested on a road bordered by few houses, and separated from the garden by a rail fence easy to climb over or through. The water melon patch was located close to the fence, and thus in full view and temptingly accessible from the road.

Closely adjoining the edge of the melon patch was a patch of green corn, standing ten feet high, and at the fullest perfection of foliage. This Arthur selected for his ambush, its position being such that he could cut off the retreat to the fence of any person who had once got among the melons. Hewing down a hill of corn in the second row from the front, he made a comfortable place for his easy chair. Amy lingered for a while, enjoying the excitement of the occasion, and they talked in whispers; but finally Arthur sent her in, and as her dress glimmered away down the garden path, he settled himself comfortably for his watch.

In the faint moonlight he could just descry the dark shapes of the melons on the ground in front of him. The crickets were having a high time in the stubble around, and the night air drew sweet autumnal exhalatiohs from the ground; for autumn begins by night a long time before it does by day. One by one the lights went out in the houses till the only ones left were in the windows of the Seminary, visible over the tree tops a quarter of a mile away.

"The girls keep late hours," thought Arthur. And from that he fell to thinking of Lina Maynard and the careless, almost insolent, grace of her manner, and that indifferent glance of hers. Where did she come from? Probably from California, or the far West: he had heard that the girls out there were of a bolder, more unconventional type than at the East, What a pity she did not fancy Amy!

Feeling a little chilly, Arthur enveloped himself in the tattered old overcoat and must have dropped into a nap. Suddenly he awoke. Within ten feet of him, just in the act of stooping over a huge melon, was a woman's figure. He saw the face clearly as she rose. Immortal gods! it was——but I am anticipating.

The discipline at Westville Seminary had been shockingly lax since the long illness of the principal had left the easy-going first assistant at the head of affairs. The girls ran all over the rules,—had private theatricals, suppers, and games of all sorts in their rooms at all hours of day or night. In the course of the evening whose events in another sphere of life have been narrated, several girls called at Lina Maynard's room to notify her of the "spread" at Nell Barber's, No. 49, at eleven o'clock. They found her sitting in a low rocking chair with an open letter in her hand and a very pensive, discontented expression of countenance.

"Does he press for an answer, Lina? We're just in time to advise you," cried Nell Barber.

"Don't say yes unless his eyes are blue," drawled a brunette.

"Unless they're black you mean," sharply amended a bright blonde.

"Make him elope with you," suggested Nell. "It will be such fun to have a real rope-ladder elopement at the Seminary, and we'll all sit up and see it."

"Oh, do, do, Lina!" chorused the others.

But Lina, apparently too much chagrined at something to be in a mood for jests, sat with her evebrows petulantly contracted, her feet thrust out and the hand holding the letter hanging by her side, her whole attitude indicating despondence.

"Still pensive! It can't be he's faithless!" exclaimed Nell.

"Faithless to those eyes! I should say not," cried the blonde, whom Lina called her sweetheart, and who claimed to be "engaged" to her according to boarding school fashion.

"Don't mind him, dear," she went on, throwing herself on the floor, clasping her hands about Lina's knee and leaning her cheek on it. "You make me so jealous. Haven't you got me, and aint I enough?"

"Plenty enough, dear," said Lina stroking her cheek. "This is only one from my brother Charley."

"The one at Watertown 'Sem.'?"

"Yes," said Lina, "and oh, girls," she went on with gloomy energy, "we don't have any good times at all compared with those boys. They do really wicked things, hook apples, and carry off people's gates and signs, and screw up tutors' doors in the night, and have fights with what he calls 'townies'—I don't know exactly what they are—and everything. I thought before that we were doing some things too, but we're not, compared with all that, and I shall be so ashamed when I meet him at home not to have anything to tell except little bits of things."

A depressing pause followed. Lina's disparaging view of achievements in the way of defying proprieties of which all the girls had been very proud, cast a profound gloom over the circle. The blonde seemed to voice the common sentiment when she said, resting her chin on Lina's knee, and gazing pensively at the wall:

"Oh, dear, that comes of being girls. We might as well be good and done with it. We can't be bad so as to amount to anything."

"Good or bad, we must eat," said Nell Barber. "I must go and get the spread ready. I forgot all about it, Lin; but we came in just to invite you. Eleven sharp, remember. Three knocks, a pause and another, you know. Come, girls."

The brunette followed her, but Lina's little sweetheart remained.

"What have they got?" demanded the former listlessly.

"Oh, Nell has a jar of preserves from home and I smuggled up a plate of dried beef from tea, and cook let us have some crackers and plates. We tried hard to get a water-melon that was in the pantry, but cook said she didn't dare let us have it. It's for dinner to-morrow."

Lina's eyes suddenly became introspective, then after a moment she rose slowly and stood in her tracks with an expression of deep thought, absent-mindedly took one step, then another, and after a pause a third, finally pulling up before the mirror, into which she stared vacantly for a moment, and then muttered defiantly as she turned away,

"We'll see, Master Charley."

"Lina Maynard, what's the matter with you?" cried the blonde, who had watched the pantomime with open mouth and growing eyes.

Lina turned, and looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, and then said with decisiveness:

"You just go to Nell's, my dear, and say I'm coming pretty soon; and if you say anything else, I'll—I'll never marry you."

The girls were in the habit of doing as Lina wanted them to, and the blonde went, pouting with unappeased curiosity.

To gain exit from the Seminary was a simple matter in those days, and five minutes later Lina was walking rapidly along the highway, her lips firm set, bnt her eyes apprehensively reconnoitering the road ahead with frequent glances to each side and behind. Once she got over the stone wall at a roadside in a considerable panic and crouched in the dewy grass while a belated villager passed, but it was without further adventure that she finally turned into the road leading behind Mr. Steele's lot, and after a brief search identified the garden where she remembered seeing some particularly fine melons, when out walking a day or two previous. There they lay, just the other side of the fence, faintly visible in the dim light.

She couldn't help congratulating herself, by the way, on the excellent behavior of her nerves, whose tense, fine-strung condition was a positive luxury, and she then and there understood how men might delight in desperate risks for the mere sake of the exalted and supreme sense of perfect self-possession that danger brings to some natures. Not indeed that she stopped to indulge in any psychological speculations. The coast was clear; not a foot-fall or hoof-stroke sounded from the road, and without delay she began to look about for a wide place between the rails where she might get through. Just as she found it she was startled by an unmistakeable human snore, which seemed to come from a patch of high corn close to the melons, and she was fairly puzzled until she observed, about ten rods distant in the same line, an open attic window. That explained its origin, and with a passing self-congratulation, that she had made up her mind not to marry a man that snored, she began to crawl through the fence. When half-way through the thought struck her; wasn't it like any other stealing after all? This crawling between rails seemed dreadfully so. Her attitude, squeezed between two rails and half across the lower one, was neither graceful nor comfortable, and perhaps that fact shortened her scruples.

"It can't be really stealing, for I don't feel like a thief," was the logic that settled it, and the next moment she had the novel sensation of having both feet surreptitiously and feloniously on another person's land. She necidedly didn't relish it, but she would go ahead now and think of it afterward. She was pretty sure sne never would do it again, anyhow, experiencing that common sort of repentance beforehand for the thing she was about to do, the precise moral value of which it would be interesting to inquire. It ought to count for something, for if it doesn't hinder the act, at least it spoils the fun of it. Here was a melon at her feet; should she take it? There was a bigger one further on, and her imperious conscientiousness compelled her to go ten steps further into the enemy's country to get it, for now that she was committed to the undertaking she was bound to do the best she could.

To stoop, to break the vine, and to secure the melon were an instant's work; but as she bent, the high corn before her waved violently and a big farmer-looking man in a slouch hat and shocking old coat sprang and seized her by the arm, with a grip not painful but sickeningly firm, exclaiming as he did so,

"Wal, I swan ter gosh if 'taint a gal."

Lina dropped the melon, and barely recalling the peculiar circumstances in time to suppress a scream, made a silent desperate effort to break away. But her captor's hold was not even shaken, and he laughed at the impotence of her attempt. In all her petted life she had never been held a moment against her will, and it needed not the added considerations that this man was a coarse, unknown boor, the place retired, the time midnight, and herself in the position of a criminal, to give her a feeling of abject terror so great as to amount to positive nausea, as she realized her utter powerlessness in his hands.

"So you have been a-stealin' my melons, hey?" he demanded gruffly.

The slight shake with which the question was enforced, deprived her of the last vestige of dignity and self-assertion. She relapsed into the mental condition of a juvenile culprit undergoing correction. Now that she was caught she no longer thought of her offense as venial. The grasp of her captor seemed to put an end to all possible hair-splitting on that point, and prove that it was nothing more nor less than stealing, and a sense of guilt left her without any moral support against her fright. She was only conscious of utter humiliation and an abject desire to beg off on any terms.

"What do you go round stealin' folk's melons for, young woman? Don't yer folks bring yer up better'n that? It's a dodrotted shame to 'em ef they don't. What did ye want with the melons? Don't they give ye enough to eat ter home, hey?"

"We were going to have some supper, sir," she replied, in a scared, breathless tone, with a little hope of propitiating him by being extremely civil and explicit in her replies.

"Who was havin' supper to this time er night?" he snorted incredulously.

"We girls," was the faint reply.

"What girls?"

Had she got to tell where she came from and be identified? She couldn't, she wouldn't. But again came that dreadful shake, and the words faltered out:

"Over at the Seminary, sir."

"Whew, so yer one er them, are ye? What's yer name?"

Cold dew stood on the poor girl's forehead. She was silent. He might kill her, but she wouldn't disgrace her father's name.

"What's yer name?" he repeated with another shake.

She was still silent, though limp as a rag in his grasp.

"Wall," said he sharply, after waiting awile to see if she would answer, "I guess ye'll be more confidin' like to the jedge when he inquires in the mornin'. A night in the lock-up makes folks wonderful civil. Now I'll jest trouble ye to come along to the police office," and he walked her along by the arm toward the house.

As the horrible degradation to which she was exposed flashed upon Lina, the last remnant of her self-control gave way, and, hanging back with all her might against his hand, she burst into sobs.

"Oh, don't, don't! It will kill me. I'll tell you my name. It's Lina Maynard. My father is a rich merchant in New York, Broadway, No. 743. He will give you anything if you let me go. Anything you want. Oh, please don't! Oh, dont! I couldn't! I couldn't!"

In this terror-stricken wild-eyed girl, her face streaming with tears, and every lineament convulsed with abject dread, there was little enough to remind Arthur Steele of the queenly maiden who had favored him with a glance of negligent curiosity that afternoon. He stopped marching her along and said reflectively:

"Lina Maynard, hey! Then you must be the gal that's down on Amy Steele and wouldn't ask her to the party to-morrow. Say, aint yer the one?"

Lina was too much bewildered by the sudden change of tack to do more than stammer inarticulately. I am afraid that in her terror she would have been capable of denying it, if she had thought that would help her. Her captor reflected more deeply, scratched his head, and finally assuming a diplomatic attitude by thrusting his hands in his pocket, remarked:

"I s'pose ye'd like it dummed well ef I was to let you go and say nothin' more about it. I reely don't s'pose I'd orter do it; but it riles me to see Amy comin' home cryin' every day, and I'll tell ye what I'll do. Ef you'll ask her to your fandango to-morrer, and be friends with her arterward so she'll come home happy and cheerful like, I'll let ye go, and if ye don't I'll put ye in jug overnight, sure's taxes. Say yes or no now, quick!"

"Yes, yes!" Lina cried with frantic eagerness.

There was scarcely any possible ransom he could have asked that she would not have instantly given. She dared not credit her ears, and stood gazing at him in intense appealing suspense, as if he might be about to revoke his offer. But instead of that he turned down the huge collar of the old overcoat, took it off, threw it on the ground, and turning up the slouch of his hat, stood before her a very good-looking and well-dressed young gentleman, whom she at once recognized and at length identified in her mind as the one walking with Amy that afternoon, which now seemed weeks ago. He bowed very low and said earnestly enough, though smiling,

"I humbly beg your pardon."

"Lina stared at him in dumb amazement, and he went on:

"I am Arthur Steele. I came home on a vacation to-day and was sitting up to watch father's melon-patch for the pure fun of it, expecting to catch some small boys, and when I caught you I couldn't resist the temptation of a little farce. As for Amy, that only occurred to me at the last, and if you think it unfair, you may have your promise back."

Lina had now measurably recovered her equanimity, and ignoring his explanation, demanded as she looked around:

"How am I to get out of this dreadful place?" mentally contemplating meanwhile the impossibility of clambering through the fence with a young gentlenma looking on.

"I will let down the bars," he said, and they turned toward the fence.

"Let's see, this is your melon, is it not?" he observed, stooping to pick up the booty Lina had dropped in her first panic. "You must keep that anyhow. You've earned it."

Since the tables turned so unexpectedly in her favor Lina had recovered her dignity in some degree and become very freezing toward this young man, by whom she began to feel she had been very badly treated. In this reaction of indignation she had really almost forgotten how she came in the garden at all. But this reference to the melon quite upset her new equanimity, and as Arthur grinned broadly she blushed and stood there in awful confusion. Finally she blurted out:

"I didn't want your stupid melon. I only wanted some fun: I can't explain, and I don't care whether you understand it or not."

Tears of vexation glittered in her eyes. He sobered instantly, and said with an air of the utmost deference:

"Pardon me for laughing, and do me the justice to believe that I'm in no sort of danger of misunderstanding you. I hooked too many melons myself as a boy, not to sympathize perfectly. But you must really let me carry the melon home for you. What would the girls say if you returned empty-handed?"

"Well, I will take the melon," she said, half defiantly; "but I should prefer not to have your company."

He did not reply till he had let down the bars, and then said:

"The streets are not safe at this hour, and you've had frights enough for one night."

She made no further objections, and with the water-mellon poised on his shoulder he walked by her side, neither speaking a word, till they reached the gate of the Seminary grounds. There she stopped and turning, extended her hands for the melon. As he gave it to her their eyes met a moment, and their mutual appreciation of the humor of the situation expressed itself in an irrepressible smile that seemed instantly to make them acquainted, and she responded almost kindly to his low "good-evening."

Amy came home jubilant next day. Lina Maynard had invited her to her party, and had been ever so good to her, and there was nobody in the world like Lina. Arthur listened and said nothing. All the next week it was the same story of Lina's beauty, good-nature, cleverness and perfection generally, and above all her goodness to herself, Amy Steele. Lina was indeed fulfilling her promise with generous overmeasure. And after once taking up with Amy, the sweet simplicity and enthusiastic loyalty of the child to herself, won her heart completely. The other girls wondered, but Lina Maynard's freaks always set the fashion, and Amy, to her astonishment and boundless delight, found herself the pet of the Seminary. The little blonde, Lina's sweetheart, alone rebelled against the new order of things and was furiously jealous, for which she was promptly snubbed by Lina, and Amy taken into her place. And meanwhile, Lina caught herself several times wondering whether Arthur Steele was satisfied with the way she was keeping her pledge.

It was Wednesday night and Arthur was to return to New York Thursday morning. Although he had walked the street every afternoon and had met nearly all the other girls at the Seminary, he had not seen Lina again. His mother, whom he took about a good deal on pleasure drives, seriously wondered if the eagerness of city life was really spoiling his faculty for leisurely pleasures. He always seemed to be looking out ahead for something, instead of quietly enjoying the passing sights and scenery. He had consented to accompany Amy to a little church sociable on the evening before his departure. It was a species of entertainment which he detested, but he thought he might possibly meet Lina there, as Amy had said some of the Seminary girls would be present.

At once, on entering the vestry, he caught sight of her at the other end of the room among a group of girls. At the sound of the closing door she glanced up with an involuntary gesture of expectancy and their eyes met. She looked confused and instantly averted her face. There was plenty of recognition in her expression but she did not bow, the real reason being that she was too much embarrassed to think of it. But during the week he had so many times canvassed the chances of her recognizing him when they should meet that he had become quite morbid about it, and manifested the usual alacrity of persons in that state of mind in jumping at conclusions they wish to avoid. He had been a fool to think that she would recognize him as an acquaintance. What had he done but to insult her, and what associations but distressing ones could she have with him. He would exchange a few greetings with old friends and then quietly slink off home and go packing up. He was rather sorry for his mother; she would feel so badly to have him moody and cross on the last evening at home. Just then some one touched his sleeve, and looking around he saw Amy. She put her flushed little face close to his ear and whispered:

"Lina said I might introduce you. Isn't she beautiful, though, to-night? Of course you'll fall in love with her, but you musn't try to cut me out."

Arthur was Amy's ideal of gentlemanly ease and polish, and she had been very proud of having so fine a city brother to introduce to the girls. Imagine her astonishment and chagrin when she saw him standing before Lina with an exaggeration of the agitated, sheepish air the girls made so much fun of in their rural admirers. But if that surprised her, what was her amazement to see Lina looking equally confused, and blushing to where her neck curved beneath the lace, although the brave eyes met his fairly? A wise instinct told Amy that here was something she didn't understand, and she had better go away, and she did.

"The melon was very good, Mr. Steele," said Lina, demurely, with a glimmer of fun in her black eyes.

"Miss Maynard, I don't know how I shall beg pardon or humble myself enough for my outrageous treatment of you," burst forth Arthur. "I don't know what I should have done if I hadn't had an opportunity for apologizing pretty soon, and now I scarcely dare look you in the face."

His chagrin and self-reproach were genuine enough, but he might have left off that last, for he hadn't been looking anywhere else since he came into the room.

"You did shake me rather hard," she said, with a smiling contraction of the black eyebrows.

Good heavens! had he actually shaken this divine creature—this Cleopatra of a girl, whose queenly brow gave her hair the look of a coronet! He groaned in spirit and looked so self-reproachful and chagrined that she laughed.

"I don't know about forgiving you for that, but I'm so grateful you didn't take me to the lock-up that I suppose I ought not to mind the shaking."

"But, Miss Maynard, you surely don't think I was in earnest about that!" he exclaimed in strenuous deprecation.

"I don't know, I'm sure," she said, doubtfully. "You looked as if you were capable of it,"

He was going on to protest still farther when she interrupted him, and said, laughingly:

"You take to apologizing so naturally that I'd nearly forgotten that it was not you but I who was the real culprit. I must really make a few excuses myself before I hear any more from you."

And then she told him all about her brother Charley's letter, and the spirit of emulation that had got her into trouble. It was easy enough to joke about certain aspects of the matter, but when she came to talk in plain language about her performances that night, she became so much embarrassed and stumbled so badly that Arthur felt ill at ease.

"And when I think what *would* have happened if I'd fallen into anybody's hands but yours, you seem almost like a deliverer." At which Arthur had another access of humiliation to think how unchivalrously he had treated this princess in disguise. How he would like to catch somebody else abusing her in that way! And then he told her all that he had thought and felt about her during the stealing scene, and she gave her side of the drama, to their intense mutual interest.

"Isn't it about time we were going home, Arthur?" said Amy's voice.

He glanced up. The room was nearly empty, and the party from the seminary were waiting for Lina.

"Miss Maynard, may I call upon you in New York during vacation?"

"I should be happy to see you."

"*Au revoir*, then!"

"*Au revoir!*"

It was very careless leaving the parrot in the parlor Sunday evening, but she never thought anything about it until Monday morning, when he roused the whole house by making a smacking noise and crying, "Darling Susie! Darling Susie!" He kept it up all day, too, and the old folks are much interested in the case.—[Rome Sentinel.

Local Matters.

—In order to acquaint as large a number as possible with the merits of the COMMERCIAL, we offer it on trial from Sept. 1st to March 1st, 6 months, for 75 cents.

The regular price, $2.00 per annum, to mail subscribers, which includes the postage.

—Remember J. H. Wortley's opening, Sept. 12th.

—Rev. C. A. Lamb is spending a few weeks with his friends in Farmington.

—If you want to see what Robbins & Sweet are about, look to special notice column. It will be to your advantage.

—Next Wednesday evening there is to be a grand church social at the Baptist church. Everybody, from Dan even unto Bersheba, is invited.

—The other day a little girl near here on the sidewalk looked up in our face, saying: "There is a little baby about here in this neighborhood."

—Though the evening was inclement, the lawn social, Wednesday evening, at the residence of S. H. Dodge, was not only very pleasantly social, but a success.

—Flora J. Preston has gone to Nevada City, California, to teach. Miss Preston is a graduate of the Normal, and will be an acquisition to the teaching force on the Pacific.

—Those who have tried Guild's recent manufacture of cheap cigars rate them as good and even nicer than the old ten cent cigars—as the "Little Dot," and "Just Out."

—S. H. Wells, the oldest barber in our city, has sold out to Mr. Butler, his partner. Mr. W. leaves next week for California. Good-bye, Wells; many old-time friends will miss you.

—Letters remaining in Post Office, Sept. 7th: Vandercook Alford, Mrs. Mary Brown, B. W. Cheever, J. H. Cooley, Mrs. Lucy Crittenden, David Deihle, David Dyle, Miss Laura Greene, Amanda Ricks.

—Last Monday, by the kindness of Robert Lambie, we had a nice ride into the town of Superior. The crops look splendidly. Look out for more than an average crop of corn, if the frost holds off.

—A large number of ladies asserted their right to vote last Monday. Are they demoralized? Is anybody hurt because they dropped a ballot into the box? They were treated respectfully and courteously.

—Now is a good time to get a nice suit of clothes, cheap, before the hurrying time; and now is a good time to get an elegant hat. The man or boy who goes to *Wortley's* will have reason to be well suited and glad.

—"Uncle Joe" Stevens, as he has always been familiarly called by friends and acquaintances, died last Tuesday. He was a pioneer in the town of Canton, and a much esteemed and worthy resident of this city for many years.

—Last Sunday evening, at the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Boyden gave an exceedingly interesting account of a recent trip to Newaygo county; of the missionary field, and of the man sustained by the Ladies' Benevolent Society of his church.

—J. Webster Childs, who accompanied the Legislative excursion, says they had a grand time. The Northern railroads and mining interests, and generous people of the Upper Peninsula "paid the shot." All right. Let those who dance pay the fiddler.

—Mr. and Mrs. Christian Fifley wish to extend their thanks to the neighbors and friends who were so very kind and neighborly, in their affliction by sickness and by the fiery elements. We stated last week that Mr. F. had lost a barn by fire before he moved on to the Bacon farm. This is a mistake.

—Mr. W. S. Henderson and H. Glover, for a number of years in partnership, and among our leading dry goods' merchants, have dissolved. Mr. Henderson for some time, on account of his ill-health, has felt the necessity of getting out of business. Mr. Glover will carry on the business, and no doubt energetically and successfully.

—Mr. A. Calkins, the enterprising druggist at the depot, having fitted up the neatest store in the city, has sold out to Fred. F. Ingram, of Hastings. Mr. I. comes well recommended; understands the business in all its departments, and intends to make this his permanent home, and merit success. Our good wishes go with Mr. Calkins wherever he may cast his lot.

—Darius Allen, of Rochester, N. Y., will address our Red Ribbon Club to-morrow afternoon. Subject: "Whiskey and Hell; or Down Among the Dead Men." The Rochester *Democrat* speaks in the highest terms of Mr. Allen as an eloquent and forcible speaker. He is a lawyer, and proposes to plead the case of Temperance vs. the Devil of Drink before the grand bar of the people.

—The sixth annual State Convention of the Michigan Associations will meet at Kalamazoo, Friday morning, September 14, at 10 o'clock, and hold over until Sunday evening, the 16th inst. Each Association is requested to select as many delegates as will be able to attend. Pastors of Evangelical churches, in places where no Association exists, are cordially invited to attend the Convention, as well as delegate some of their most active Christian young men. As delegates certificates are necessary to secure the above reduction, printed forms of the same can be obtained by addressing, C. E. Dyer, Detroit, or Rev. E. A. Spence, Grand Rapids. Delegates should notify immediately, Mr. O. H. Perry, Secretary Y. M. C. A. Kalamazoo, of their intention to be present, that arrangements may be made for their reception and entertainment. Delegates on arrival will report at the Presbyterian Church, where the sessions of the Convention will be held.

—We met Dan Thayer, John McCauley, and A. S. Mallery at Rice's eating house, 126 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, on Tuesday. The two former were awaiting the decision of the Normal committee on building, in regard to their bid. We are glad to report their success. There were a number of bids, and all very close. Thayer & McC's only $17.00 below the next lowest bidder. Lucky, if they have good luck. They enter upon their job immediately.

—We have received the announcement of the Northern Illinois College, located at Fulton, Whiteside county, Ill. It embraces preparatory, collegiate, normal, musical, and commercial departments. Also Griffith's school of reading and oratory. Allen A. Griffith, A. M., is the president of the institution. Prof. Griffith is known to most of our readers, having been connected with the State Normal School, and a number of years a citizen of our city. The professor has our good wishes for eminent success. He is enthusiastic and a worker in any thing or department which he undertakes.

—The old Wyandotte Lodge, I. O. O. F., was resuscitated at Good Templars' Hall, in this city, Friday evening, Aug. 31st, by P. D. G. M. Samuel Adams, assisted by Jonathan Sprague, P. G. M., and Albert Harris, G. J. W. G. E. M. It starts off with eleven charter members, and five initiations the first evening. The following are the officers:

N. G.—J. P. Vroman.
V. C.—H. D. Martin.
Sec'y.—A. McNicol.
Treas.—Hiram Batchelder.
Con.—John Spoor.
Warden—Dr. N. Webb.
Outer Guard—William Rowley.
Inner Guard—N. M. Thompson.

—Last Tuesday afternoon a huge volume of smoke arose from the vicinity of F. J. Swaine's malt house, corner of River Street and Forest Avenue. It was supposed to be the malt house. It proved to be a barn near by, and the fire from the barn set a small house in the rear on fire, and consumed it, endangering the malt house. It was on fire at one time, and the prospect of saving it seemed dubious. The little Neptune was the savior. Though unhoused, unpitied, and uncared for, with its tottering frame it was brought to the rescue and filled by means of water pails, the water being secured at the malt house tank. How the barn came to be on fire is not certainly known. The loss of barn and house, and property in the barn (two carriages, $70.00 worth of hay, and other articles), will reach about $2,000; uninsured. The steam engine was sent for by a team, and was found steam up and equipped for service. But the want of water rendered it inoperative. Cisterns are needed in every portion of our city. The Neptune needs thorough repair, and comfortable quarters. The lack of a house for the Neptune is not simply pennywise and pound foolish, but *it is criminal.* Mr. Van Ettan was arrested and fined for refusing to serve at the fire on call of the Marshal. Remember, in case of need Ypsilanti expects *every man* to do his duty, and in case of neglect enforces duty by law.

—The school election, Monday, was the most exciting we have had for years. The most inexcusable and rascally back-biting and lying against one of the candidates, Mr. E. Laible, was resorted to. It will react with tremendous power, as such falsehoods always do. Mr. Laible had only served one year, and begun reforms absolutely needed, and which the citizens will yet most heartily thank him for. In fact, the reaction set in with great force before the evening school meeting was through with. The gentlemen elected are good men. Judge Ninde is the most conspicuous, having creditably served heretofore. William B. Martin is a new member, and must make his record. We believe that it will be a good one. Mr. King is a young man, inexperienced for such a position, but will be ambitious to deserve the approbation of the district. The vote stood as follows:

FOR FULL TERM.

Thomas Ninde,	379
William B. Martin,	255
Charles R. Whitman,	227
Eugene Laible,	170
Edward Batwell,	49

TO FILL VACANCY.

Charles E. King,	499

Whole number of votes cast, 549.

The evening meeting was pretty spicy. The estimates were attempted to be cut down, with poor success. The $100 salary to the Secretary was cut off. $400 was voted for an experiment in the heating apparatus. The very best move of the evening was the turning of the hall into recitation rooms, using the upper story hereafter for library, office, and experimental purposes. The new Board met Tuesday evening, and elected Charles Woodruff, President; C. E. King, Secretary; Judge Ninde, Treasurer.

—There seems to be a fatality about picnics this year. Three have been held lately, and on each occasion those participating had to dodge from one place to another on the way home between heavy showers. We do not remember ever seeing a greater quantity of rain fall, in an equal length of time, than fell between five and six o'clock last Tuesday. Many of the Grangers, male and female, were still on the picnic grounds when the rain began falling. Many crowded under the roof of the refreshment stand, others into the tents of the "campers" on the grounds; and some had to find what little shelter they could under the great trees. A large number, however, had started for home, and many had to drive into the first barn they could find. One party, among them Morell Goodrich and daughter (Mrs. George Stockford), found shelter in Mr. Joseph McGuinness' barn. The wind blew, the rain poured, and beat against that barn, but all felt secure until a sharp flash of lightning came, one bolt of which struck a cornice in the middle of the building, then down the centre post, on its way striking one of the hired men, slightly injuring one shoulder and foot, and giving Mrs. Stockford a severe shock. No other damage was done, except splintering the oak posts of the barn and ripping off some of the boards. It was a narrow escape for all the occupants and the grains stored in the barn.—*Dexter Leader.*

EDITOR COMMERCIAL: The cruelty, or thoughtlessness, or both, on the part of mankind toward horses, with reference to check-reins, is truly deplorable. Why should not the poor brutes have their heads free during warm weather, so that they can poke off flies from their sides, breasts, etc.? Of course they need check enough, so that they can't "eat grass and tip the wagon over," and that, during warm weather, is the only reason for which a humane person will use so cruel a thing, and for this purpose it can be very loose. Not one horse in fifty will you see that is not tortured with a tight check; and not one in twenty has an owner kind-hearted enough to give the poor, dumb, fly-tormented animal a net or blanket to keep the blood-sucking insects from giving him constant pain from sunrise to sunset. And yet, such a blanket need cost no more than three shillings: Get six yards sheeting at six cents a yard; borrow a net for a pattern, and in half an hour you can make as good a fly blanket as need be. "The mind that can look on suffering with indifference has lost its finest grace."

Respectfully. L. G. STAFFORD.

Ypsilanti, Sept. 7, 1877.

THE Lansing *Republican* hits the nail squarely and solidly on the head in the following paragraph: "An editor or a minister can slash around in a general way about sin, and everybody is pleased; but when they twit on facts and point out any particular evil to be remedied, somebody's corns are pinched, and things are not altogether so lovely." The *Republican* might have added, however, that it is only the galled jades that wince.

Michigan Central Railroad.

TIME TABLE, JUNE 24th, 1877.

GOING EAST.

	Mail.	Day Express.	Kal. Accom.	Atlantic Express.	Night Express.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Chicago.....Lv.	7 00	9 00	3 45	5 15	9 00
Michigan City....	9 23	11 10	6 25	7 35	11 15
New Buffalo.....	9 45		6 51		11 40
		P. M.			A. M.
Niles.....	10 46	12 15	8 20	9 00	12 35
	P. M.				
Kalamazoo.....	12 35	1 38	10 10	10 26	2 17
Battle Creek.....	1 32	2 17		11 16	3 15
Marshall.....	2 17	3 00		11 40	3 49
			Jack.	A. M.	
Albion.....	2 45	3 21	Ac.	12 05	4 10
Jackson.....Ar.		4 05	A. M.	12 50	4 55
Jackson.....Lv.	3 35		5 20		
Chelsea.....	4 19		6 15		
Dexter.....	4 35		6 30		
Ann Arbor.....	4 54	5 10	7 00	2 10	6 38
Ypsilanti.....	5 12	5 24	7 15	2 27	6 55
Wayne Junction..	5 36	5 45	7 40	2 48	7 15
G. T. Junction...	6 10	6 15	8 25	3 20	7 45
Detroit.....Ar.	6 25	6 30	8 40	3 25	8 00

The Grand Rapids Express leaves Ypsilanti, going east, at 11:05 A. M.

GOING WEST.

	Mail	Day Express.	Jackson Express.	Evening Express.	Pacific Express.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Detroit.....Lv.	7 00	9 35	4 45	6 05	9 50
G. T. Junction...	7 15	9 50	5 00	6 20	10 10
Wayne Junction..	7 46	10 16	5 32	6 57	10 42
Ypsilanti.....	8 17	10 35	6 00	7 25	11 04
Ann Arbor.....	8 40	10 50	6 30	8 00	11 21
Dexter.....	9 03		6 53	8 22	
Chelsea.....	9 23		7 12	8 37	
Jackson.....Ar.		P. M.			A. M.
Jackson.....Lv.	10 20	12 15	8 00	9 30	12 45
Marshall.....	11 50	1 15	*Kal. Ac'n.	10 46	1 45
	P. M.				
Battle Creek.....	12 21	1 58		11 16	2 10
			A. M.	A. M.	
Kalamazoo.....	1 15	2 40	5 00	12 16	2 58
Niles.....	3 11	4 07	7 09	2 35	4 24
Michigan City...	4 40	5 20	8 10	4 05	5 47
Chicago.....Ar	6 55	7 40	10 30	6 30	8 00

*Sunday excepted. ‡Saturday and Sunday excepted. †Daily.

The Grand Rapids Express leaves Ypsilanti, going west, at 4:15 P. M.

H. B. LEDYARD.
Gen. Supt., Detroit.

HENRY C. WENTWORTH, Gen'l. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Chicago.

Detroit, Hillsdale & South-Western Railroad.

ARRIVE AT YPSILANTI.

Detroit Express.....10:20 A. M.
Mail.....5:05 P. M.

LEAVE YPSILANTI.

Evening Express.....7:25 P. M.
Mail.....8:20 A. M.

Book and Job Printing,

SUCH AS

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FARMERS

Living near Saline and adjacent towns that

THEIR PRICES OF WHEAT

Are from TWO TO FOUR CENTS PER BUSHEL MORE than is paid by shippers at outside places; and they intend making Ypsilanti the best wheat market on the M. C. R. R. 576

STOP! LOOK at THIS

These Prices are PUT DOWN TO STAY. We propose to sell goods cheap for CASH. Why can we do this? Because our rent is low and we do our own work.

Best Japan Tea	60 cents.
Good Japan Tea,	40 "
Best Gunpowder Tea	80 "
Best Young Hyson Tea	80 "
Good Young Hyson Tea	40—50—60 "
Best Brown Rio Coffee	25 "
" Laguera & Golden Rio Co'fe	25 "
" Prime Rio Coffee	23—25 "
" Java Coffee	30 "
" Ground Rio Coffee	20—25 "
" Wool-twine	10 "
" Lamp Chimneys	05 "
" Stove Polish	05 "
" Matches	05 "
" Baking Powder	35—40 "
" Pure Cider Vinegar	20 "
" 25 cakes Soap	$1 00
" 16 cakes Soap	$1 00
" 13 cakes Gold Soap	$1 00
" 13 cakes O. K. Soap	$1 00
" Halibut	12½ "
" Gloss Starch	8—10 "
" Corn Starch	10 "
" 3 lb. can Tomatoes	20 "
" 2 lb. can Tomatoes	15 "
" 3 lb. can Peaches	20 "
" 2 lb. can Peaches	15 "
" 2 lb. can Corn	15 "
" Smoking Tobacco	40 "
" Chewing Tobacco	50—80 "
" Saleratus	08 "
" Gents Collars	5—10—15—20 "
" Cigars	3—04 "
" Clothes Pins	02 "

Boots and Shoes at your own Prices.

All Goods Warranted or no Sale. TERMS, CASH.

Clothing, Crockery, Glassware, Lamps, Bird Cages, Water-lime, Calcine Plaster, Oil Cloth, Wheelbarrow, Ladders, Pumps, and a thousand other articles at the same reduced prices.

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RING'S VEGETABLE AMBROSIA.

RING'S AMBROSIA RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR.

RING'S AMBROSIA ERADICATES DANDRUFF, *Cures Humors,* AND Itching of the Scalp.

RING'S AMBROSIA Prevents Baldness, And frequently causes New Hair to grow on Bald places.

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Price One Dollar per Bottle.

E. M. TUBBS & Co. Proprietors MANCHESTER N.H.

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689-740

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Published as a Warning, and for the benefit of YOUNG MEN AND OTHERS who suffer from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF MANHOOD, VITAL POWER, ETC., giving his rules of **Self-Cure,** after much suffering and expense, and sent free on receiving a stamp for return postage. Address the Publisher,

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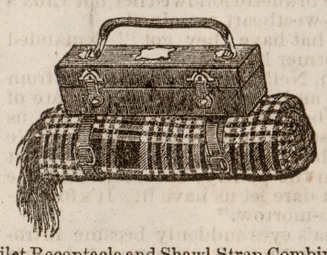
A NEW CONVENIENCE FOR TRAVELERS AND EXCURSIONISTS.



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Catarrh, Paralysis, Nervous Weakness and Prostration, successfully treated. References to leading citizens. Consultation free.

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removed, and the skin left white and soft as a baby's by using **Randall's Circassian Cream Wash.** Used by half the Detroit Ladies. Sold by FRED JOHNSON,

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Michigan,

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SOLD BY LEADING JOBBERS.

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Store under the Russell House, opp. City Hall, and near the Soldiers' Monument.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

108 Jefferson Avenue, Michigan Exchange Block,

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FALL AND WINTER STOCK,

And requests his friends and the public to call and examine his styles and prices before making selections elsewhere. 703-3m

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Dr. DARRIN,

Magnetic Physician,

Has removed his office from 235 Woodward Avenue to 583 Cass Avenue, where he is prepared to treat all curable chronic and nervous diseases. He has opened an Infirmary, where he can accomodate a limited number of patients. Medicines given when deemed necessary. Terms reasonable. It is a rare chance for the afflicted who have tried other practices and failed to be restored, to try what virtue there is in

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Dr. Darrin is an old practitioner, and his cures are something bordering on the marvelous. His testimonials are from parties who should convince the most skeptical that his cures are genuine. The afflicted of all classes are respectfully invited to give him a call.

Parties visiting should cut this card out, so that they will make no mistake in the address. Upon arriving at Detroit, take the Woodward Avenue street cars and get out at Stimpson street, or the Cass Avenue cars and get out at Ledyard street, either of which takes you within two minutes' walk of the Infirmary. 703—4w

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Board and tuition in English and French, $200 per annum. The plan of studies is the same as that pursued in all the Academies of the Sacred Heart. Scholastic duties will be resumed the first Wednesday of September. 700-703

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PIANOS. Magnificent $550 Rosewood Pianos $175, fine Rosewood Upright Pianos (little used) cost $800 only $125, must be sold.
ORGANS. Parlor Organs, 2 stops $45. 9 stops $65. 12 stops only $75. Nearly new 4 set read 12 stop, sub bass and octave coupler organs, cost over $350, only $55. Lowest prices ever offered sent on 15 days test trial. You ask why I offer so cheap? I reply Hard Times. Result sales over 1,000,000 annually. War commenced by monopolists. Beware anonymous circular. Write for explanation. Battle raging. Full particulars free. Address
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Those Terrible Headaches Generated by obstructed secretions, and to which ladies are especially subject, can always be relieved, and their recurrence prevented by the use of TARRANT'S EFFERVESCENT SELTZER APERIENT. Procurable at all drug stores.

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A FARM FOR $200

In easy payments with low rates of interest.

SECURE IT NOW

Full information sent free, address

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$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. STINSON & Co., Portland, Me.

$55 to $77 a Week to Agents. $10 Outfit Free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

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YOUNG MEN **LEARN TELEGRAPHY** with us, and you will be placed in charge of **salaried Western Union** office. Main telegraph wires in school. **Promotion certain.** Address, with stamp, **WESTERN SCHOOL OF TELEGRAPHY, Englewood, Ills.**

GRACE'S SALVE.

$66 a week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Maine. 700-4

PROBATE ORDER.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHTENAW, SS.

At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, on Thursday, the sixteenth day August, in the year one thousand eight hundred and seventy-seven.

Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate.

In the matter of the estate of Henrietta Henschel, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Alma M. Henschel, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court, purporting to be the last Will and Testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that Charles Siegmund may be appointed executor thereof.

Thereupon it is ordered, That Monday, the 24th day of September next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate, are required to appear at a session of said court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the YPSILANTI COMMERCIAL, a newspaper, printed and circulating in said county, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN.
A true copy. Judge of Probate.
WILLIAM G. DOTY,
Probate Register. 702-705

MORTGAGE SALE.

By mortgage bearing date the fifteenth day of March, in the year eighteen hundred and seventy-five, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Washtenaw County, State of Michigan, on the seventeenth day of March, in the year aforesaid, at eleven o'clock A. M., in Liber 51 of Mortgages, on page 306, John Reddaway and Ann Reddaway, his wife, duly mortgaged to Simeon T. Keith "all the following described piece or parcel of land known, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the north-east corner of lot number 214 in original plat of village (now city) of Ypsilanti, Washtenaw County, Michigan, running thence south on the east line of said lot 124 feet, thence west 50 feet, thence north parallel with first named line 124 feet, thence east along the south line of Congress Street 50 feet to the place of beginning; being the same premises deeded to party of the first part by deed dated June 22d, 1874, made by James I. Van Duyn and Melissa Van Duyn." The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is eight hundred and seventeen dollars, besides an attorney fee of twenty-five dollars stipulated in said mortgage. Default has occurred in the conditions of said mortgage whereby the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and the executrix of the said mortgagee has elected to consider and treat the whole sum secured and unpaid on said mortgage to be due and payable immediately. Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue, to the highest bidder, which sale will take place on the eleventh day of September, A. D. 1877, at two o'clock in the afternoon, at the south door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said County.

Dated, June 16th, 1877.

HARRIET A. KEITH,
Executrix of the estate of Simeon T. Keith, deceased, Mortgagee.
ALLEN & HUNT,
Attorneys. 692-704

CHANCERY SALE.

In pursuance and by virtue of a decree of the Circuit Court for the County of Washtenaw, in chancery, made and entered on the second day of October, A. D. 1875, as modified and reformed by a further decree of said court made and entered on the twentieth day of July, A. D. 1877, in a certain cause therein pending wherein Josephine M. Cutcheon is complainant, and John Scheif and Magdalena Scheif are defendants. The undersigned, one of the Circuit Court Commissioners in and for said County of Washtenaw, will sell at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at the south door of the Court House, in the City of Ann Arbor, in said County, on Saturday the eighth day of September, A. D. 1877, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, that parcel of land situate in the City of Ypsilanti, County of Washtenaw, Michigan, described as follows, to-wit: Lot two hundred and sixty-one (261) in Hunter's addition to the village (now city) of Ypsilanti.

Dated, July 26th, 1877.

FRANK EMERICK,
Circuit Court Commissioner.
CUTCHEON & ALLEN,
Complainants' Solicitors. 698-704